

THE 1506/350
UNHAPPY FAVOURITE:
OR, THE
EARL of ESSEX.
A
TRAGEDY.

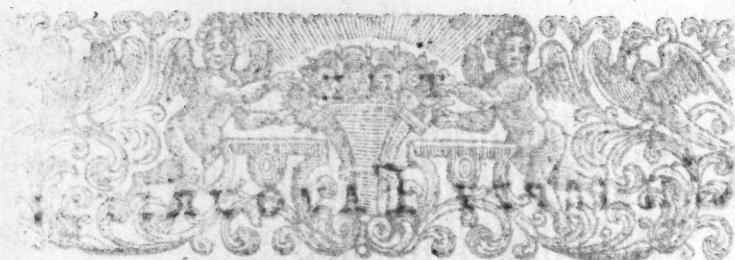
Written by JOHN BANKS, Author of the
Innocent Usurper; or, *The Lady Jane Gray*.

*Qui nimios optabat honores,
Et nimias poscebat opes, numerosa parabas
Excelsa turris tabulata, unde altior esset
Casus, & impulsæ præceps immane ruina.* JUV. Sat. X.

L O N D O N :

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at *Addison's Head*, all without Temple-Bar; and
J. BRINDLEY, at the *King's Arms* in *New Bond-street*.

M.DCC.XXXV;



OF THE

To the most High and most Illustrious



PRINCESSES

THE LADY ANN

Witnessed by John T. ...

Humily lay before Your High-
ness, I feel an unhappy I am
... your Power to
... no longer to
his Queen's Repentance, not
her Tears, could restore him from the violence
of his Enmity, nor from the Violence of a
... but Your High-
ness with this miserable Favor, and to
... in protecting the
... will make him live
... in the ...



ALBANY



To the most High and most Illustrious

PRINCESS,

THE

Lady ANNE,

Daughter to His ROYAL HIGHNESS.

M A D A M,



Humbly lay before Your High-
ness's Feet an unhappy Favou-
rite, but 'tis in Your Power to
make him no longer so: Not
his Queen's Repentance, nor
her Tears, could rescue him from the Malice
of his Enemies, nor from the Violence of a
most unfortunate Death; but Your High-
ness, with this unspeakable Favour, and so
divine a Condescension in protecting this
once-pitied Hero, will make him live eter-
nally;

The DEDICATION.

nally ; and those who could scarce behold him on the Stage without weeping, when they shall see him thus exalted, will all turn envious of his Fortune, which they can never think deplorable, while he is graced by Your Highness. For my own part, I tremble to express my Thanks in so mean a Language, but much more when I would pay my Tribute of just Praises to Your Highness ; 'tis not to be attempted by any Pen, Heaven has done it to a Miracle in Your own Person, where are written so many admirable Characters, such illustrious Beauties on a Body so divinely framed, that there is none so dull and ignorant that cannot read them plainly. And when You vouchsafe to cast Your Eyes on those beneath You, they speak their own Excellencies with greater Art and Eloquence, and attract more Admiration than ever *Virgil* did in his divinest Flight of Fancy, than *Ovid* in speaking of his Princess, or *Apelles* in drawing of his *Venus*. Nor are Your Virtues or Your Royal Blood less admirable, sprung from the inestimable Fountain of so many illustrious *Plantagenets*, that I stand amazed at the Mightiness of the Subject which I have chosen : Besides, the awful Genius of Your Highness bids me beware how I come too near, lest I profane so many incomparable Perfections in so sacred a Shrine as Your Highness's Person, where You ought to be ador'd, and not seen : For,
like

The DEDICATION.

like the ancient *Jews* in their religious Worship, 'tis a Favour for me to remain on the outward Steps, and not approach nigh the Veil where the Crowd never come. This, most Illustrious Princess, ought to check my Hand, lest, in attempting Your Highness's Character, my Apprehension of the Excellence of the Subject, and the Danger of mis-carrying, should make my Fancy sink beneath so glorious a Burden: therefore I will forbear troubling Your Highness any further with the Rashness of my Zeal: nor dare I be dictated any longer by it, but will conclude, in hopes that when hereafter I may chance to record the Memory of a Princess, whose Beauty, Fortune, and Merits are greater than *Homer* ever feign'd, or *Tasso* copy'd, I may have Leave to draw her Pattern from Your Highness; and when that is done, the rest of my Life shall be employed in Prayers for Your eternal Happiness; which be pleased to interpret as the Duty of,

M A D A M,

Your Highness's most Obedient,

Most Humble, and

Most Devoted Servant,

J. BANKS.

PROLOGUE.

Spoken by Major Mobun, the first four Days.

THE Merchant, joyful with the Hopes of Gain,
Ventures his Life and Fortunes on the Main;
But the poor Poet oftner does expose
More than his Life, his Credit, for Applause:
The Play's his Vessel, and his Venture Wit;
Hopes are his Indies, Rocks and Seas the Pit.
Yet our good-natur'd Author bids me swear,
He'll court you still, the more his Fate draws near;
And cannot chuse but blame their feeble Rage,
That crow at you upon their Dung-hill-Stage:
A certain Sign, they merit to be curst,
When, to excuse their Faults, they cry Whore first.
So oft in their dull Prologues 'tis exprest,
That Critic now's become no more a Jest;
Methinks Self-int'rest in 'em more should rule,
There's none so impudent to ask a Dole,
And then to call his Benefactor Fool.
They merit to be damn'd, as well as poor;
For who that's in a Storm, and hears it roar,
But then would pray, that never pray'd before?
Yet Seas are calm sometimes; and you, like those,
Are necessary Friends, but cursed Foes.
But if amongst you all he has no Friend,
He humbly begs that you would be so kind,
Lay Malice by, and use him as you find.



P R O

PROLOGUE,

Spoken to the KING and QUEEN at
their coming to the House.

Written on purpose by Mr. DRYDEN.

*WHEN first the Ark was landed on the Shore,
And Heav'n had vow'd to curse the Ground no more;
When Tops of Hills the longing Patriarch saw,
And the new Scene of Earth began to draw;
The Dove was sent to view the Waves Decrease,
And first brought back to Man the Pledge of Peace.
'Tis needless to apply, when those appear
Who bring the Olive, and who plant it here.
We have before our Eyes the Royal Dove,
Still innocent, as Harbinger to Love;
The Ark is open'd to dismiss the Train,
And people, with a better Race, the Plain.
Tell me, you Pow'rs, why should vain Man pursue,
With endless Toil, each Object that is new,
And for the seeming Substance leave the true? — }
Why should he quit for Hopes his certain Good,
And loath the Manna of his daily Food?
Must England still the Scene of Changes be, }
Toft and tempestuous, like our ambient Sea?
Must still our Weather and our Wills agree?
Without our Blood our Liberties we have;
Who that is free would fight to be a Slave?
Or, what can Wars to After-times assure,
Of which our present Age is not secure?
All that our Monarch would for us ordain,
Is but t' enjoy the Blessings of his Reign.
Our Land's an Eden, and the Main's our Fence,
While we preserve our State of Innocence:
That lost, then Beasts their brutal Force employ,
And first their Lord, and then themselves destroy.
What Civil Broils have cost, we know too well;
Oh! let it be enough that once we fell!
And ev'ry Heart conspire, with ev'ry Tongue,
Still to have such a King, and this King long.*



Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

The Earl of *Essex*,
 Earl of *Southampton*,
Burleigh,
 Sir *Walter Raleigh*,
 Lieutenant of the *Tower*.

Mr. *Clark*.
 Mr. *Griffin*.
 Major *Mobus*.
 Mr. *Disney*.

W O M E N.

Queen *Elizabeth*,
 Countess of *Rutland*, secretly }
 married to the E. of *Essex*, }
 Countess of *Nottingham*, }
 Mrs. *Quin*.
 Mrs. *Cooke*.
 Mrs. *Corbet*.

Women, Gentlemen, Guards, and Attendants.

SCENE, *Whitehall*, and the *Tower*.



T H E



THE
UNHAPPY FAVOURITE:
OR,
The Earl of ESSEX.



ACT I. SCENE I.

*Enter Countess of Nottingham and Burleigh, at several
Doors. The Countess reading a Letter.*



HELP me to rail, prodigious-minded Burleigh,
Prince of bold English Councils; teach me
how

This hateful Breast of mine may dart forth

Words;

Keen as thy Wit, malicious as thy Person:

Then I'll carve thee, stroke thee into Shape;

This rocky dismal Form of thine, that holds

The Unhappy Favourite;

The most seraphick Mind that ever was,
 I'll heal, and mould thee with a soft Embrace;
 Thy mountain Back shall yield beneath these Arms,
 And thy pale wither'd Cheeks, that never glow,
 Shall then be deck'd with Roses of my own—
 Invent some new strange Curse, that's far above
 Weak Woman's Rage, to blast the Man I love.

Burl. What means the fairest of the Court? say what
 More cruel Darts are forming in those Eyes
 To make adoring *Cecil* more unhappy?
 If such a wretched and declar'd hard Fate
 Attends the Man you love, what then, bright Star,
 Has your malignant Beauty yet in store
 For him that is this Object of her Scorn?
 Tell me that most unhappy happy Man,
 Declare who is the most ungrateful Lover;
 And, to obey my lovely *Nottingham*,
 I will prefer this dear Cabal, and her,
 To all the other Councils in the World:
 Nay, tho' the Queen and her two Nations call'd,
 And sinking *England* stood this Hour in need
 For this supporting Head, they all should sue,
 Or perish all for one kind Look from you.

Not. There spoke the Genius and the Breath of *England*,
 Thou *Æsculapius* of the Christian World!
 Methinks the Queen, in all her Majesty,
 Hemm'd with a Pomp of rusty Swords, and duller Brains,
 When thou art absent, is a naked Monarch,
 And fills an idle Throne, till *Cecil* comes
 To head her Councils, and inspire her General—
 Thy uncouth self, that seems a Scourge to Nature,
 For so maliciously deforming thee,
 Is by the heav'nly Pow'rs stamp'd with a Soul,
 That, like the Sun, breaks thro' dark Mists, when none
 Beholds the Cloud, but wonders at the Light.

Burl.

Burl. O, spare that Angel's Voice till the last Day!
Such heav'nly Praise is lost on such a Subject.

Not. Let none presume to say, while *Burleigh* lives,
A Woman wears the Crown; fourth *Richard* rather,
Heir to the third in Magnanimity,
In Person, Courage, Wit, and Brav'ry all,
But to his Vices none, nor to his End,
I hope.

Burl. You torture me with this Excess——
Were but my Flesh cast in a purer Mould;
Then you might see me blush: But my hot Blood,
Burnt with continual Thought, does inward glow;
Thought, like the Sun, still goes its daily Round,
And scorches, as in *India*, to the Root——
But to the wretched Cause of your Disturbance;
Say, shall I guess? Is *Essex* not the Man?

Not. Oh! name not *Essex*; Hell and Tortures rather:
Poisons and Vulturs to the Breast of Man,
Are not so cruel as the Name of *Essex*——
Speak, good my Lord! nay, never speak nor think
Again, unless you can assuage this worse
Than Fury in my Breast.

Burl. Tell me the Cause,
Then cease your Rage, and study to Revenge.

Not. My Rage! It is the Wings by which I'll fly
To be reveng'd——I'll ne'er be patient more.
Lift me, my Rage, nay mount me to the Stars,
Where I may haunt this Peacock, tho' he lies
Close in the Lap of *Juno*——*Elizabeth*;
Tho' the Queen circles him with Charms of Pow'r,
And hides her Minion like another *Circe*.

Burl. Still well-instructed Rage; but pray disclose
The Reason of the Earl's Misfortune.

Not. You are
My Friend, the Cabinet of all my Prailties;

From

From you, as from just Heav'n, I hope for Absolution :
Yet pray, tho' Anger makes me red, when I
Discourse the Reason of my Rage, be kind,
And say it is my Sex's Modesty.

Know then,

This base imperious Man I lov'd, lov'd so,
Till, lingering with the Pain of fierce Desire,
And Shame, that strove to torture me alike,
At last I pass'd the Limits of my Sex,
And (O kind *Cecil*, pity and forgive me)
Sent this opprobrious Man my Mind a Slave;
In a kind Letter broke the Silence of
My Love, which rather should have broke my Heart.

Burl. But pray what Answer did you get from him?

Not. Such as has made an Earthquake in my Soul;
Shook ev'ry Vital in these tender Limbs,
And rais'd me to the Storm you found me in.
At first he charm'd me with a thousand Hopes,
Else 'twas my Love thought all his Actions so——
Just now from *Ireland* I receiv'd this Letter,
Which take and read : But now I think you sha'n't ——
I'll tear it in a thousand Pieces first,
Tear it, as I would *Essex* with my Will,
To Bits, to Morsels hack the mangled Slave,
Till ev'ry Atom of his cursed Body [Tears the Letter
Sever'd and flew like Dust before the Wind. (in a Rage.
Now do I bless the Chance, all else may blame
Me for revealing of my foolish Passion——
Did e'er I think these celebrated Charms,
Which I so often have been bless'd and prais'd for,
Should once be destin'd to so mean a Price
As a Refusal! —— Are there Friends above
That protect Innocence and injur'd Love?
Hear me, and curse me straight with wrinkled Age,

With

With Leprosy, Derision, all your Plagues
On Earth and Hell hereafter, if I'm not reveng'd.

Burl. Else say she is no Woman, or no Widow; [*Aside.*
The sacred Guardians of your flighted Beauties
Have had more Pity on their lovely Charge,
Than to behold you swallow'd in his Ruin.
The best and worst that Fortune could propose
To you in *Essex*' Love, was to have brought
A helpless short-liv'd Traitor to your Arms.

Not. Ha! Traitor, say you! Speak the Word again—
Yet do not: 'tis enough if *Burleigh* says it;
His Wit has Pow'r to damn the Man that thinks it,
And t'extract Treason from infected Thought.
The Nation's Safety, like a Ship, he steers,
When Tempests blow, rais'd by Designs of false
And ignorant Statesmen: by his Wit alone
They're all dispers'd, and by his Breath the sails,
His prosp'rous Counsel's all her gentle Gales.

Enter a Gentleman.

Gent. My Lord, the Queen expects you straight.

Burl. Madam,

Be pleas'd t'attend her Majesty i'th' Presence,
Where you shall hear such Misdemeanors offer'd,
Such Articles against the Earl of *Essex*,
As will both glad the Nation and your elf.

Gent. My Lord, I see the haughty Earl of *Southampton*
Coming this way.

Burl. Madam, retire.

Not. I go,

With greater Expectation of Delight
Than a young Bridegroom on his Marriage-Night.

[*Exit Countess of Not.*

Burl. *Southampton*, he's the Chief of *Essex*' Faction,
His Friend, and sworn Brother; and, I fear,

Too

Too much a Friend and Partner of his Revels,
 To be a Stranger of the other's Guilt——
 'Tis not yet Time to lop this haughty Bough,
 Till I have shaken first the Tree that bears it.

Enter Southampton.

South. My Lord, I hear unwelcome News: 'Tis said
 Some factious Members of the House, headed
 By you, have voted an Address for Leave
 T'impeach the Earl of *Essex* of strange Articles
 Of Treason.

Burl. Treason, 'tis most true, is laid
 To *Essex*' Charge; but that I am the Cause,
 They do me Wrong, th'Occasion is too publick:
 For those dread Storms in *Ireland* rais'd by him,
 Have blown so rudely on our *English* Coast,
 That they have shipwreck'd quite the Nation's Peace,
 And wak'd its very Statutes to abhor him.

South. Mere Argument; your nice and fine Distinction
 To make a good Man vicious, or a bad
 Man virtuous, ev'n as please the Sophisters——
 My Lord, you are engendring Snakes within you.
 I fear you have a subtle stinging Heart:
 And give me Leave to tell you, that this Treason,
 If any, has been hatch'd in *Burleigh*'s School.
 I see Ambition in the fair Pretence,
Burleigh in all its cunning dark Disguises,
 And envious *Cecil* ev'ry where.

Burl. My Lord, my Lord, your Zeal to this bad Earl
 Makes you offend the Queen, and all good Men.
 Believe it, Sir, his Crimes have been so noted,
 So plain and open to the State and her,
 That he can now no more deceive the Eyes
 Of a most gracious Mistress, or her Council;
 Nor can she any longer, if she would,

In

In Pity of his other Parts, let Justice wink,
 But rouse herself from cheated slumbering Mercy,
 And start at his most foul Ingratitude.
 Nor does it well become the brave *Southampton*
 To plead in his Behalf, for fear it pulls
 Upon himself Suspicion of his Crimes.

South. Hold in, my Fire, and scorch not thro' my Ribs:
 Quench, if thou canst, the burning furious Pain——
 I cannot if I would, but must unload
 Some of the Torture——Now by my wrong'd self,
 And *Essex* much more wrong'd, I swear 'tis false;
 False as the Rules by which vile Statesmen govern;
 False as their Arts by which the Traitors rise,
 By cheating Nations, and destroying Kings;
 And false, imposing on the common Crew.
Essex!—By all the Hopes of my immortal Soul,
 There's not one Drop of Blood of that brave Man,
 But holds more Honour, Truth, and Loyalty,
 Than thy whole Mass besides, and all thy Brains,
 Stuff'd with Cabals and Projects for the Nation;
 Than thou that seem'st a good *St. Christopher*,
 Carrying thy Country's Genius on thy Back,
 But art indeed a Devil, and tak'st more Hire
 Than half the Kingdom's Wealth can satisfy.
 I say again, that thou and all thy Race,
 With *Essex*' base Accusers, ev'ry one
 Put in a Scale together, weigh not half
 The Merit that's in one poor Hair of his.

Burl. Thank you, my Lord—See I can bear the Scandal,
 And cannot chuse but smile to see you rage.

South. It is because thy guilty Soul's a Coward,
 And has not Spirit enough to feign a Passion.

Burl. It is the Token of my Innocence——
 But let *Southampton* have a special Care
 To keep his close Designs from *Cecil*'s Way;

Left

Lest he disturb the Genius of the Nation,
As you were pleas'd to call me; and beware
The Fate of *Essex*. [Exit *Burl*.

South. Ha! The Fate of *Essex*!

Thou ly'st, proud Statesman, 'tis above thy Reach,
As high above thy Malice, as is Heav'n
Beyond a *Cecil*'s Hopes——Despair not, *Essex*!
Nor his brave Friends, since a just Queen's his Judge;
She that saw once such Wonders in thy Person,
A scarce fledg'd Youth, as loading thee with Honours,
At once made thee Earl-Marshal, Knight o'th' Garter,
Chief Counsellor, and Admiral at Sea——
She comes, she comes, bright Goddess of the Day,
And *Essex*' Foes she drives like Mists away.

Enter the Queen, Burleigh, Lord Chancellor, Countess of Nottingham, Countess of Rutland, Lords and Attendants. Queen on a Chair of State, Guards.

Queen. My Lords, we hear not any thing confirms
The new Designs were dreaded of the *Spaniards*;
Our Letters lately from our Agent there
Say nothing of such Fears, nor do I think
They dare.

Burl. To dare, most high illustrious Princess,
Is such a Virtue *Spaniard* never knew;
His Courage is as cold as he is hot,
And Faith is as adulterate as his Blood.
What Truth can we expect from such a Race
Of Mongrels, *Jews*, *Mahometans*, *Goths*, *Moors*,
And *Indians*, with a few old *Castilians*,
Shuffled in Nature's Mould together?
That *Spain* may truly now be call'd the Place
Where *Babel* first was built. These Men,
With all false Tenets chopp'd and mash'd together,

Suck'd

Suck'd from the Scum of ev'ry base Religion,
Which they have since transform'd to *Romish Mass*,
Are now become the Mitre's darling Sons,
And *Spain* is call'd the Pope's most Cath'lick King.

Queen. Spoke like true *Cecil* still, old Protestant —
But oh! it joys me with the dear Remembrance
Of this romantick huge Invasion

From the Pope's Closet, where 'twas first begot,
Bulls, Absolutions, Pardons, frightful Banns,
Flew o'er the Continent and narrow Seas,
Some to reward, and others to torment;
Nay, worse, the Inquisition was let loose
To teach the very Atheists Purgatory.
Then were a thousand holy Hands employ'd,
As Cardinals, Bishops, Monks, and Jesuits;
Not a poor Mendicant, or begging Friar,
But thought he should be damn'd to leave the Work.

South. Whole Sholes of Benedictions were dispers'd;
Nay, the good Pope himself so weary'd was
With giving Blessings to these holy Warriors,
That flew to him from ev'ry Part, as thick
As Hornets to their Nests, it gave his Arms
The Gout.

Burl. O faithless, incourageous Hands!
They should have been both burnt for Hereticks.

Queen. But when this huge and mighty Fleet was ready,
Altars were stripp'd of shining Ornaments;
Their Images, their Pictures, Palls, and Hangings,
By Nuns and *Persians* wrought,
All went to help their great *Armada* forth;
Relicks of all Degrees of Saints
Were there distributed, and not a Ship
Was bless'd without one: ev'ry Sail amongst 'em
Boasted to carry, as a certain Pledge
Of Victory, some of the real Cross.

South.

South. Long live that Day, and never be forgotten
 The gallant Hour, when, to th' immortal Fame
 Of *England*, and the more immortal *Drake*,
 That proud *Armada* was destroy'd: Yet was
 The Fight not half so dreadful, as th' Event
 Was pleasant. When the first Broadfides were giv'n,
 A tall brave Ship, the tallest of the rest,
 That seem'd the Pride of all their big Half-moon,
 Whether by Chance, or by a lucky Shot
 From us, I know not, but she was blown up,
 Bursting like Thunder, and almost as high,
 And then did shiver in a thousand Pieces;
 Whilst from her Belly Crouds of living Creatures
 Broke like untimely Births, and fill'd the Sky.
 Then might be seen a *Spaniard* catch his Fellow,
 And, wrestling in the Air, fall down together;
 A Priest for Safety riding on a Cross,
 Another that had none, crossing himself;
 Friars with long big Sleeves, like Magpies Wings,
 That bore them up, came gently sailing down;
 One with a Don that held him by the Arms,
 And cry'd, Confess me straight; but as he just
 Had spoke the Words, they tumbled down together.

Burl. Just Heav'n, that never ceas'd to have a Care
 Of your most gracious Majesty and Kingdoms,
 By valiant Soldiers, and by faithful Leaders,
 Confounded in one Day the vast Designs
 Of *Italy* and *Spain* against our Liberties:
 So may *Tyrone* and *Irish* Rebels fall,
 And so may all your Captains henceforth prove
 To be as loyal and as stout Commanders.

Queen. Is there no fresher News from *Ireland* yet?

Burl. None better than the last; that seems too ill,
 To be repeated in your gracious Hearing.

Queen. Why, what was that?

South.

Or, The Earl of Essex

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South. Now, now the subtle Fiend
Begins to conjure up a Storm.

[*Aside.*

Burl. How soon your gracious Majesty forgets
Crimes done by any of your Subjects!

Queen. What?

That *Essex* did defer his Journey to
The North, and therefore lost the Season quite:
Was not that all?

Burl. And that he met *Tyrone*;

At his Request, and treated with him private:

A Ford dividing them, they both rode in,

Wading their Horses knee-deep on each side;

But that the Distance from each other was

So great, and they were forc'd to parly loud,

Orders were giv'n to keep the Soldiers off;

Nay, not an Officer in all the Army

But was deny'd to hear what pass'd between 'em——

What follow'd then the Parley, was the Truce,

So shameful (if I may be bold to call

It so) both to your Majesty and *England*.

Queen. Enough, enough, good *Cecil*, you begin

To be inveterate: 'Twas his first Fault;

And tho' that Crime, done to the Nation's Hurt,

Admits of no Excuse of Mitigation

From th' Author's many Virtues or Misfortunes;

Yet you must all confess that he is brave,

Valiant as any, and has done as much

For you, as e'er *Alcides* did for *Greece*.

Yet I'll not hide his Faults, but blame him too;

And therefore I have sent him chiding Letters,

Forbidding him to leave the Kingdom, till

He has dispatch'd the War, and kill'd *Tyrone*.

[*Exit.*

Enter Sir Walter Raleigh, attended by some other Members of the House.

Burl. Most Royal Madam, here's the gallant *Raleigh*,
With others in Commission from the House,
Who attend your Majesty with some few Bills
And humblest of Addresses, that you would
Be pleas'd to pass 'em for the Nation's Safety.

Queen. Welcome, my People, welcome to your Queen,
Who wishes still no longer to be so,
Than she can govern well, and serve you all.
Welcome again, dear People, for I'm proud
To call you so; and let it not be Boasting
In me to say, I love you with a greater Love
Than ever Kings before show'd down on Subjects;
And that I think ne'er did a People more
Deserve, than you. Be quick,
And tell me your Demands; I long to hear;
For known, I count your Wants are all my own.

Ral. Long live the bright Imperial Majesty
Of England, Virgin-Star of Christendom,
Blessing and Guide of all your Subjects Lives;
Who with the Sun may sooner be extinguish'd
From the bright Orb he rules in, than the Queen
Should e'er descend the Throne she now makes happy.
Your Parliament, most blest of Sovereigns,
Calling to mind the Providence of Heav'n,
In guarding still your People under you,
And sparing your most precious Life,
Do humbly offer to your Royal Pleasure
Three Bills, to be made living Acts hereafter,
All for the Safety of your Crown and Life,
More precious than ten thousand of your Slaves.

Queen. Let *Cecil* take and read what they contain.

[*Cecil takes the Papers, and reads the Contents.*

Burl.

Burl. ' An Act for settling and establishing
' A strong Militia out of ev'ry County;
' And likewise for levying a new Army,
' Consisting of six thousand Foot at least,
' And Horse three thousand, quickly to be ready,
' As strong Guard for the Queen's sacred Person,
' And to prevent what clandestine Designs
' The *Spaniards* or the *Scots* may have.

Queen. Thanks to

My dear and loving People; I will pass it.

Burl. The second Act is, ' for the speedy raising

' Two hundred thousand Pounds to pay the Army,
' And to be order'd as the Queen shall please;
' This to be gather'd by a Benevolence,
' And Subsidy, in six Months time from hence.

Queen. What mean my giving Subjects! It shall pass.

Burl. The third has sev'ral Articles at large,
With an Address subscrib'd, most humbly offer'd,
For the impeaching *Robert Earl of Essex*
Of sev'ral Misdemeanors of High Treason.

Queen. Ha!

This unthought Blast has shock'd me like an Ague:
It has alarmed ev'ry Sense, and spoil'd me
Of all the awful Courage of a Queen.

But I'll recover——

Say, my *Nottingham*,

And *Rusland*, did you ever hear the like?

But are you well-assur'd I am awake?

Bless me, and say it is a horrid Vision;

That I am not upon the Throne!——

Ha! Is't not so?——Yes, Traitors, I'll obey you——

[*She rises in a Rage.*]

Here sit you in my Place; take *Burleigh's* Staff,

The Chanc'lor's Seal, and *Essex's* valiant Head,

And leave me none but such as are your selves,

Knaves

Knaves for my Council, Fools for Magistrates,
And Cowards for Commanders——Oh my Heart!

South. Oh horrid Imposition on a Throne!

Essex, that has so bravely serv'd the Nation;
That I may boldly say, *Drake* did not more:
That has so often beat his Foes on Land,
Stood like a Promontory in his Defence,
And sail'd with Dragon's Wings to guard the Seas.

Essex! that took as many Towns in *Spain*,
As all this Island holds; beggar'd their Fleet,
That came with Loads of half their Mines in *India*,
And took a mighty Carrack of such Value,
That held more Gold in its prodigious Deck
Than serv'd the Nation's Riot in a Year.

Queen. Ingrateful People! Take away my Life:
'Tis that you'd have; for I have reign'd too long——
You too well know that I'm a Woman, else
You durst not us'd me thus——Had you but fear'd
Your Queen, as you did once my Royal Father,
Or had I but the Spirit of that Monarch,
With one short Syllable I should have ramm'd
Your impudent Petitions down your Throats,
And made four hundred of your factious Crew
Tremble, and grovel on the Earth for Fear.

Ral. Thus prostrate at your Feet we beg for Pardon,
And humbly crave your Majesty's Forgiveness.

[*Petitioners kneel.*]

Queen. No more——attend me in the House to-morrow.

Burl. Most mighty Queen! blest'd and ador'd by all,
Torment not so your Royal Breast with Passion.
Not all of us, our Lives, Estates, and Country,
Are worth the least Disturbance of your Mind.

Queen. Are you become a Pleader for such Traitors?
Ha! I suspect that *Cecil* too is envious,
And *Essex* is too great for thee to grow——

A Shrub

A Shrub that never shall be look'd upon,
Whilst *Essex*, that's a Cedar, stands so high——
Tell me, why was not I acquainted with
This close Design: For I am sure thou know'st it.

Burl. Madam——

Queen. Be dumb; I'll hear no Excuses——
I could turn Cynick, and outrage the Wind,
Fly from all Courts, all Business, and Mankind;
Leave all like Chaos, in Confusion hurl'd;
For 'tis not Reason now that rules the World,
There's Order in all States but Man below,
And all things else do to Superiors bow:
Trees, Plants, and Fruits rejoice beneath the Sun;
Rivers and Seas are guided by the Moon;
The Lion rules thro' Shades and ev'ry Green,
And Fishes own the Dolphin for their Queen:
But Man, the verier Monster, worships still
No God but Lust, no Monarch but his Will.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]



ACT



ACT II. SCENE I.

Countess of Essex.

C. Eff. **I**S this the Joy of a new-marry'd Life?
 This all the Taste of Pleasures that are feign'd
 To flow from sweet and everlasting Springs?
 By what false Opticks do we view those Sights,
 And by our rav'nous Wishes seem to draw
 Delights so far beyond a Mortal's Reach,
 And bring 'em home to our deluded Breasts?
 'Tis not yet long since that blest Day was past,
 A Day I wish that should for ever last.
 The Night once gone, I did the Morning chide,
 Whose Beams betray'd me by my *Essex*'s Side;
 And whilst my Blushes and my Eyes they blest,
 I strove to hide 'em in his panting Breast,
 And my hot Cheeks close to his Bosom laid,
 Listening to what the Guest within it said;
 Where Fire to Fire the noble Heart did burn,
 Close like a Phoenix in her spicy Urn:
 I sigh'd, and wept for Joy a Show'r of Tears,
 And felt a thousand sweet and pleasant Fears,
 Too rare for Sense, too exquisite to say;
 Pain we can count, but Pleasure steals away.
 But Business now, and envious Glory's Charms,
 Have snatch'd him from these ever faithful Arms.
 Ambition, that's the highest Way to Woe;
 Cruel Ambition! Love's eternal Foe.

Enter

Enter Southampton.

South. Thou dearest Partner of my dearest Friend,
The brightest Planet of thy shining Sex,
Forgive me for th' unwelcome News I bring——
Essex is 'come the most deplor'd of Men!

C. Eff. Now by the sacred Joys that fill my Heart,
What fatal Meaning can there be in that?
Is my Lord come? Say, speak.

South. Too sure he's come!
But Oh! that Seas as wide as Waters flow,
Or burning Lakes as deep and broad as Hell,
Had rather parted you for ever,
So *Essex* had been safe on th' other side.

C. Eff. My Lord, you much amaze me——
Pray what of Ill has happen'd since this Morning,
That the Queen guarded him with so much Mercy,
And then refus'd to hear his false Impeachers?

South. Too soon, alas! he's forfeited his Honours,
Places, and Wealth; but more, his precious Life;
Condemn'd by the too cruel Nation's Laws,
For leaving his Commission, and returning
When the Queen's absolute Commands forbad him.

C. Eff. Fond Hopes! Must then our Meeting prove so
fatal?

South. Say, Madam, now what Help will you propose?
Can the Queen's Pity any more protect him?
Never; it is no longer in her Pow'r:
She must, tho' 'gainst her Will, deliver him
A Sacrifice to all his greedy Foes.

C. Essex. Where is my Lord?

South. *Blunt* left him on the Way,
And came disguis'd in Haste to give me Notice.

Enter

C. Eff. Let him go back, and give my *Eff.* a Warning;
 Conjuring him, from us, to stir no farther,
 But straight return to *Ireland*, ere 'tis known
 He left the Place.

South. Alas! it is no Secret;
 Besides, he left the Town almost as soon
 As *Blunt*, and is expected ev'ry Moment.

C. Eff. How could it be reveal'd so suddenly?

South. I know not that, unless from Hell it came,
 Where *Cecil* too is Privy-Counsellor,
 And knows as much as any Devil there.
 I met the cunning Fiend and *Raleigh* whisp'ring;
 And the fair treach'rous *Nottingham*
 I saw bedeck'd with an ill-natur'd Smile,
 That shew'd malicious Beauty to the Height.

C. Eff. Hold, hold, my Lord, my Fears begin to rack
 And Danger now, in all its horrid Shapes, (me,
 Stalks in my Way, and makes my Blood run cold,
 Worse than a thousand glaring Spirits could do.
 Assist me straight, thou Dæmon to my *Effex*;
 Help me, thou more than Friend in Misery——
 I'll to the Queen, and straight declare our Marriage;
 She will have Mercy on my helpless State!
 Pity these Tears, and all my humble Postures,
 If not for me, nor for my *Effex*'s Sake,
 Yet for th'illustrious Off-spring that I bear;
 I'll go, I'll run, I'll hazard all this Moment.

[Offers to be gone.

South. Led by vain Hopes, you fly to your Destruction;
 There wants but that dread Secret to be known,
 To tumble you for ever to Despair,
 And leave you both condemn'd, without the Hopes
 Of the Queen's Pity or Remorse hereafter.

C. Eff. Curs'd be the Stars that flatter'd at our Births,
 That shone so bright with such unusual Lustre,

As cheated the whole World into Belief,
Our Lives alone were all their chiefest Care.

South. Be comforted; rely on *Essex's* Fate,
And the Queen's Mercy——
Behold she comes; our evil Fate,
In discontented Characters, wrote on
Her Brow.

Enter the *Queen*, *Burleigh*, *Countess of Nottingham*,
Raleigh, *Attendants*, *Guards*.

Queen. Is *Essex* then arriv'd?

Burl. He is.

Queen. Then he has lost me all the flattering Hopes
I ever had to save him. [*Aside.*] Come, say you!
Who else came with him?

Burl. Some few Attendants.

Queen. Durst the most vile of Traitors serve me thus!
Double my Strength about me, draw out Men;
And set a Guard before the Palace-Gates,
And bid my valiant Friends the Citizens
Be ready straight——I shall be murder'd else;
And, faithful *Cecil*, if thou lov'st thy Queen,
See all this done: For how can I be safe,
If *Essex*, that I favour'd, seek my Life?

Burl. Will't please your Majesty to see the Earl?

Queen. No.

Burl. Shall I publish straight your Royal Order,
That may forbid his coming to the Court,
Until your Majesty command him?

Queen. Neither——

How durst you seem t'interpret what's my Pleasure!
No, I'll see him if he comes; and then
Leave me to act without your saucy Aid,
If I have any Royal Pow'r.

C. Eff. Blest be the Queen ; blest be the pitying God
That has inspir'd her. [*Aside.*]

South. Most admir'd of Queens,
Thus low unto the Ground I bend my Body,
And wish I could sink lower thro' the Earth,
To suit a Posture to my humble Heart.
I tremble to excuse my gallant Friend,
In Contradiction to your heav'nly Will ;
Who, like a God, knows all ; and 'tis enough
You think him innocent, and he is so :
But yet your Majesty's most Royal Soul,
That soars so high above the humble Malice
Of base and sordid Wretches under you,
Perhaps is ignorant the valiant Earl
Has Foes ; Foes, that are only so, because
Your Majesty has crown'd him with your Favours,
And lifted him so far above their Sights,
That 'tis a Pain to all their envious Eyes
To look so high above him ! and of those
Some grow too near your Royal Person,
As the ill Angels did at first in Heav'n,
And daily seek to hurt this brave Man's Virtue.

Queen. Help me, thou infinite Ruler of all things,
That sees at once as far as th' Sun displays,
And searches ev'ry Soul of human Kind,
Quick and unfelt, as Light infuses Beams,
Unites, and makes all Contradictions center ;
And to the Sense of Man, which is more strange,
Governs innumerable distant Parts
By one intire same Providence at once :
Teach me so far thy holy Art of Rule,
As in a Mortal, Reason may distinguish
Betwixt bold Subjects, and a Monarch's Right.

Burl. May't please your Majesty, the Earl is come,
And waits your Pleasure.

Queen.

Queen. Let him be admitted——

Now, now support thy Royalty,
And hold thy Greatness firm: but Oh, how heavy
A Load is State, where the free Mind's disturb'd!
How happy a Maid is she that always lives
Far from high Honour, in a low Content,
Where neither Hills nor dreadful Mountains grow,
But in a Vale where Springs and Pleasures flow;
Where Sheep lie round, instead of Subjects Throngs,
The Trees for Musick, Birds instead of Songs:
Instead of *Essex*, one poor faithful Hind,
She has a Servant, he a Mistress kind;
Who with Garlands for his coming crowns her Door,
And all with Rushes strews her little Floor:
Where at their mean Repast no Fears attend
Of a false Enemy, or falser Friend;
No Care of Sceptres, nor ambitious Frights,
Disturb the Quiet of their Sleep at Nights——
He comes; this proud Invader of my Rest,
He comes: But I intend so to receive him——

Enter the Earl of Essex with Attendants. Essex kneels.

The Queen turns to the Countess of Nottingham.

Essex. Long live the mightiest, most ador'd of Queens,
The brightest Pow'r on Earth that Heav'n e'er form'd;
Aw'd and amaz'd the trembling *Essex* kneels;
Essex, that stood the dreadful Voice of Cannons,
Hid in a darker Field of Smoak and Fire,
Than that where *Cyclops* blows the Forge, and sweats
Beneath the mighty Hill, whilst Bullets round me
Flew like the Bolts of Heav'n when shot with Thunder,
And lost their Fury on my Shield and Corset;
And stood these Dangers unconcern'd and dauntless.
But you, the most majestick, brightest Form

That ever rul'd on Earth, have caught my Soul,
 Surpriz'd its Virtues all with Dread and Wonder;
 My humble Eyes durst scarcely look up to you,
 Your dazzling Mien and Sight so fill the Place,
 And ev'ry Part celestial Rays adorn.

Queen. Hah!

[*Aside.*

Essex. 'Tis said I have been guilty——

I dare not rise, but crawl thus on the Earth,
 Till I have Leave to kiss your Sacred Robes,
 And clear, before the justest, best of Queens,
 My wrong'd and wounded Innocence.

Queen. What saidst thou, *Nottingham*? What said the Earl?

[*Aside.*

Essex. What, not a Word! a Look! not one blest
 Turn, turn, cruel Brow, and kill me with (Look!
 A Frown; it is a quick and surer Way
 To rid you of your *Essex*.

Than Banishment, than Fetters, Swords, or Axes——

What, not that neither! Then I plainly see
 My Fate, the Malice of my Enemies,

Triumphant in their joyful Faces; *Burleigh*

With a glad Coward's Smile, that knows he's got
 Advantage o'er his valiant Foe, and *Raleigh's* proud
 To see his dreaded *Essex* kneel so long;

Essex, that stood in his great Mistress' Favour
 Like a huge Oak, the loftiest of the Wood,
 Whilst they no higher could attain to be

Than humble Suckers nourish'd by my Root,
 And, like the Ivy, twin'd their flatt'ring Arms
 About my Waist, and liv'd but by my Smiles.

Queen. I must be gone; for if I stay, I shall
 Here wreck my Conduct, and my Fame for ever.

Thus the charm'd Pilot list'ning to the Syrens,
 Lets his rich Vessel split upon a Rock,
 And loses both his Life and Wealth together.

[*Aside.*
Essex.

Essex. Still am I shunn'd, as if I wore Destruction—
Here, here, my faithful and my valiant Friends, [*Rises*]
Dearest Companions of the Fate of *Essex*,
Behold this Bosom studded o'er with Scars,
This marble Breast, that has so often held,
Like a fierce Battlement, against the Foes
Of *England's* Queen, that made a hundred Breaches;
Here pierce it straight, and thro' this Wild of Wounds
Be sure to reach my Heart, this loyal Heart,
That sits consulting 'midst a thousand Spirits,
All at Command, all faithful to my Queen.

Queen. If I had ever Courage, Haughtiness,
Or Spirit, help me but now, and I am happy!
He melts! it flows; and drowns my Heart with Pity: } *Aside.*
If I stay longer, I shall tell him so——
What, is this Traitor in my Sight!
All that have Loyalty, and love their Queen,
Forfake this horrid Wretch, and follow me.

[*Exeunt Queen and her Attendants. Manet Essex solus.*]

Essex. She's gone, and darted Fury as she went——
Cruell'st of Queens!
Not hear! not hear your Soldier speak one Word!
Essex, that was once all day listen'd to;
Essex, that like a Cherub held thy Throne,
Whilst thou didst dress me with thy wealthy Favours,
Chear'd me with Smiles, and deck'd me round with Glories;
Nor was thy Crown scarce worshipp'd on thy Head,
Without me by thy Side; but now thou'rt deaf
As Adders, Winds, or the remorseless Seas;
Deaf as thy cunning Sex's Ears to those
That make unwelcome Love — What News, my Friend?

Enter Southampton.

South. Such as I dare not tell; but pardon me,
As an ill Bird that perching on the Side

Of some tall Ship, foretels a Storm at hand,
I come to give you Warning of the Danger——
See *Cecil* with a Message from the Queen.

Essex. Then does my Wreck come rolling on apace ;
That foul Leviathan ne'er yet appear'd,
Without a horrid Tempest from his Nostrils.

Enter to them Burleigh and Raleigh.

Burl. Hear, *Robert* Earl of *Essex*,
Hear what the Queen, my Lord, by us pronounces:
She now divests you of your Offices,
Your Dignities of Governor of *Ireland*,
Earl-Marshal, Master of her Horse, Gen'ral
Of all her Forces both by Land and Sea,
And Lord Lieutenant of the severall Counties
Of *Essex*, *Hereford*, and *Westmoreland*.

Essex. A vast and goodly Sum, all at one Cast,
By an unlucky Hand, thrown quite away.

Burl. Also her Pleasure is, that, in Obedience
To her Commands, you send your Staff by us,
Then leave the Court, and stir no farther than
Your House, till Order from the Queen and Council.

Essex. Thank my Misfortunes, for you fall with Weight
Upon me, and Fate shoots her Arrows thick ;
'Tis hard if they find not one mortal Place
About me——

Burl. My Lord, what shall we tell her Majesty ?
What is your Answer ? for the Queen expects us.

Essex. Wilt thou then promise to be just, and tell her ?
Give her a Caution of her worst of Foes,
Thy greedy self, the Land's infesting Giant,
Exacting Heads from her best Subjects daily ;
Worse than the *Phrygian* Monster ; he was more
Cheaply compounded with, and but devour'd
Sev'n Virgins in a Week, and spar'd the rest.

South. Hold, my brave Friend, and waste not thus the
Of *Essex* on so base and mean a Subject — — (Breath
Thou Traitor to thy Sov'reign and her Kingdoms,
More full of Guilt than e'er thou didst devise
To lay on *Essex*, whom thou fear'st and hatest;
And thou, because thy sordid Soul and Person
Ne'er fitted thee

For gallant Actions, think'st the World so too:
For he that looks thro' a foul Glass that's stain'd,
Sees all things stain'd like the foul Perspective he uses.
'Tis Crime enough in any to be valiant,
To win a Battle, or to be fortunate,
Whilst thou stand'st by the Queen to intercept,
Or else determine Favours from her Hands.
'Tis not, who is to blame, or who deserves,
Nor whom the Queen would look on with a Grace,
But whom proud *Cecil* pleases to reward,
Or punish, and the Valiant never 'scape thee:
Curs'd be the Brave that fall into such Hands;
For Cowards still are cruel and malicious.

Burl. This I dare tell, and that *Southampton* said it.

South. And put her too in mind of thy vain Glories,
Such Impudence and Ostentation in thee,
And so much horrid Pride and Costliness,
As would undo a Monarch to supply.

Essex. So thrives the lazy Gown, and such as sleep
On Woolfacks, and on Seats of injur'd Justice,
Or learnt to prate at Council-Tables: but
How mis'able is Fortune to the Valiant!
Were but Commanders half so well rewarded
For all their Winter Camps, and Summer Fights,
Then they might eat, and the poor Soldiers Widows
And Children too might all be kept from starving.

Ral. My Lord, in speaking thus you tax the Queen
Of Weakness and Injustice both, and that
She favours none but worthless Persons.

Burl. Must we return this stubborn Answer to her?
You'll not obey her Majesty, nor here
Resign your Staff of Office to us.

Essex. Tell her whate'er thy Malice can invent;
Yet if thou say'st I'll not obey the Queen,
I tell thee, Lord,
'Tis false; false as thy most invet'rate Soul,
'That looks thro' the foul Person of thy Body,
And curses all she sees at Liberty——
I tell thee, creeping thing, the Queen's too good,
More merciful than to condemn a Slave,
Much less her *Essex*, without hearing him——
I will appeal to her——

Burl. You'll not believe us,
Nor that it was by her Command we came.

Essex. I do not.

Burl. Fare you well, my Lords.
[Exeunt Burleigh and Raleigh.]

Essex. Go thou,
My brave *Southampton*, follow to the Queen,
And quickly, ere my cruel Foes are heard,
Tell her, that thus her faithful *Essex* says;
This Star she deck'd me with, and all these Honours else.
In one bless'd Hour, when scarce my tender Years
Had reach'd the Age of Man, she heap'd upon me,
As if the Sun, that sows the Seeds of Gems,
And golden Mines, had show'r'd upon my Head,
And dress'd me like the Bridegroom of her Favour.
This thou beheld'st, and Nations wonder'd at:
The World had not a Favourite so great,
So lov'd, as I.

South.

South. And I am Witness too

How many gracious Smiles she blest 'em with,
And parted with a Look with ev'ry Favour
Was doubly worth the Gift, while the whole Court
Was so well pleas'd, and shew'd their wondrous Joy
In shouting louder than the *Roman* Bands
When *Julius* and *Augustus* were made Consuls.

Essex. Thou canst remember too, for all she said was
That at the happy Time she did invest (signal,
Her *Essex* with this Robe of shining Glories,
She bade me prize 'em as I would my Life,
Defend 'em as I would her Crown and Person:
Then a rich Sword she put into my Hand,
And wish'd me *Cesar's* Fortune — so she grac'd me.

South. So young *Alcides*, when he first wore Arms,
Did fly to kill the *Erymanthean* Boar;
And so *Achilles*, first by *Thetis* made
Immortal, hasted to the Siege of *Troy*.

Essex. Go, thou *Southampton*, for thou art my Friend,
And such a Friend's an Angel in Distress:
Now the false Globe that flatter'd me is gone,
Thou art to me more Wealth, more Recompence,
Than all the World was then — Intreat the Queen
To bless me with a Moment's Sight,
And I will lay her Relicks humbly down,
As travelling Pilgrims do before the Shrines
Of Saints they went a thousand Leagues to visit;
And her bright Virgin Honours all untainted,
Her Sword not spoil'd with Rust, but wet with Blood,
All Nations Blood that disobey'd my Queen;
This Staff that disciplin'd her Kingdoms once,
And triumph'd o'er an hundred Victories;
And if she will be pleas'd to take it, say,
My Life, the Life of once her darling *Essex*.

South.

South. I fly, my Lord, and let your Hopes repose
On the kind Zeal *Southampton* has to serve you.

[*Exit South.*]

Essex. Where art thou, *Essex*! where are now thy Glories!
Thy Summer's Garlands, and thy Winter's Laurels?
The early Songs that ev'ry Morning wak'd thee;
Thy Halls and Chambers throng'd with Multitudes,
More than the Temples of the *Persian* God,
To worship thy Uprising; and when I appear'd,
The blushing Empress of the East, *Aurora*,
Gladdened the World not half so much as I:
Yesterday's Sun saw his great Rival thus,
The spiteful Planet saw me thus ador'd,
And like some tall built Pyramid, whose Height
And golden Top confronts him in his Sky,
He tumbles down with Lightning in his Rage;
So on a sudden has he snatch'd my Garlands,
And with a Crown impal'd my gaudy Head,
Struck me with Thunder, dash'd me from the Heav'ns;
And, Oh! 'tis Doom-day now, and Darkness all with me;
Here I'll lie down——Earth will receive her Son,
Take Pattern all by me, ye that hunt Glory,
You that do climb the Rounds of high Ambition;
Yet when ye've reach'd and mounted to the Top,
Here you must come by just Degrees at last,
If not fall headlong down at once, like me——
Here I'll abide close to my loving Center;
For here I'm sure that I can fall no further——

Enter Countess of Essex.

Ha! what makes thou here? tell me, fairest Creature;
Why art thou so in love with Misery;
To come to be infected with my Woe,
And disobey the angry Queen for me?

C. Eff.

C. Eff. Bless me, my Angel, guard me from such Sounds;
Is this the Language of a welcome Husband!
Are these fit Words for *Essex*'s Bride to hear?
Bride I may truly call my self; for Love
Had scarce bestow'd the Blessings of one Night,
But snatch'd thee from these Arms.

Essex. My Soul! my Love!
Come to my Breast, thou purest Excellence,
And throw thy lovely Arms about my Neck,
More soft, more sweet, more loving than the Vine.
Oh! I'm o'ercome with Joy, and sink beneath
Thy Breast. [*They embrace.*]

C. Eff. Take me along with thee, my Dear——
My *Essex*; wake, my Love, I say:
I am grown jealous of each Bliss without thee;
There's not a Dream, an Extasy, or Joy,
But I will double in thy ravish'd Senses.
Come, let's prepare, and mingle Souls together:
Thou shalt lose nothing, but a Gainer be;
Mine is as full of Love as thine can be.

Essex. Where have I been! but yet I have thee still——
Come sit thee down upon this humble Floor;
It was the first kind Throne that Love e'er had:
Thus, like the first bright Couple, let's embrace,
And fancy all around is Paradise.
It must be so; for all is Paradise
Where thou remain'st, thou lovelier far than *Eve*.

C. Eff. And thou more brave, and nobler Person far,
Than the first Man, whom Heav'n's peculiar Care
Made for a Pattern of ingenious Nature,
Which ne'er till thee excell'd th' Original.

Essex. Thus, when th' Almighty form'd the lovely Maid,
And sent her to the Bow'r where *Adam* lay,
The first of Men awak'd, and starting from
His mossy flow'ry Bed whereon he slept,

Lifted his Eyes, and saw the Virgin coming,
 Saw the bright Maid that glitter'd like a Star;
 Stars he had seen, but ne'er saw one so fair.
 Thus did they meet, and thus they did embrace;
 Thus, in the Infancy of pure Desire,
 Ere Lust, Displeasure, Jealousies, and Fears
 Debauch'd the World, and plagu'd the Breast of Men;
 Thus, in the Dawn of golden Time, when Love,
 And only Love, taught Lovers what to do.

C. Eff. O thou most dear, - most priz'd of all Mankind,
 I burn, I faint, I'm ravish'd with thy Love;
 The Fever is too hot,

It scorches, flames like pure æthereal Fire,
 And 'tis not Flesh and Blood, but Spirits, can bear it,
 And those the brightest of angelick Forms.

Effex. That is thy self, thy only self, thou fairest:
 There's not in Heav'n so bright a Cherubim;
 No Angel there but for thy Love would die:
 The Thrones are all less happy there than I.

C. Eff. O my best Lord! the Queen, the Queen, my
 Ah! what have we committed to undo us? Love!
 The Pow'rs are angry, and have sent the Queen,
 The jealous Queen, of all our innocent Joys,
 To drive us from our Paradise of Love;
 And, Oh, my Lord! she will not ere't be long
 Allow us this poor Plat, this Ground to mourn on.

Effex. Weep not, my Soul, my Love, my infinite All—
 Ah! what could I express, if there were Words
 To tell how much, how tenderly, my Thoughts
 Adore thee — Ah! these Tears are Drops of Blood,
 Thy *Effex*' Blood, my World, my Heav'n, my Bride—
 Ay, there's the Start of all my Joys beside.
 Bless'd that I am, that I can call thee Wife,
 That loves so well, and is so well belov'd.

C. Eff.

C. Eff. Ah! hold, my Lord; what shall I say of you,
That best deserves a Love so well you speak of?

Essex. Again thou weep'st—By Heav'n there's not a Tear
But weighs more than the Wealth of *England's* Crown.
O thou bright Storer of all Virtues, were there
But so much Goodness in thy Sex beside,
It were enough to save all Womankind,
And keep 'em from Damnation—Still thou weep'st—
Come, let me kiss thy Eyes, and catch those Pearls,
Hold thy Cheeks close to mine, that none may fall,
And spare me some of those celestial Drops.
Thus, as two Turtles driven by a Storm,
Drooping and weary, shelter'd on a Bough,
Begin to join their melancholy Voices,
Then thus they bill, and thus renew their Joys,
With quiv'ring Wings, and cooing Notes, repeat
Their Loves, and thus, like us, bemoan each other.

Enter a Lady.

Lady. Madam, the Queen expects you instantly.

C. Eff. Ah, what would with to be of Humankind!
Man in this Life scarce finds a Moment's Bliss,
But counts a thousand Pains for one short Pleasure;
And when that comes, 'tis snatch'd away like ours.

Essex. Go, my best Hopes, obey the cruel Queen—
I had forgot; thy Love, thy Beauties charm'd me.
Dearer than *Albion* to the Sailors Sight,
Whom many Years barr'd from his native Country,
Looking on thee, I gaz'd my Soul away,
And quite forgot the dang'rous Wrecks below—
Farewel—Nay then thou'lt soften me to Fondness—
The Queen may change, and we may meet again.

C. Eff. Farewel.

Essex.

Essex. So have I seen a tall rich Ship of *India*,
 Of mighty Bulk teeming with golden Ore,
 With prosp'rous Gales come sailing near the Shore,
 Her Train of Pendants borne up by the Wind;
 The gladsome Seas, proud of the lovely Weight,
 Now lift her up above the Sky in Height,
 And then as soon th' officious Waves divide,
 Hug the gay Thing, and clasp her like a Bride;
 Whilst Fishes play, and Dolphins gather round,
 And Tritons with their coral Trumpets sound;
 Till on a hidden Rock at last she's borne,
 Swift as our Fate, and thus in Pieces torn.

[*Exeunt severally.*]



ACT



ACT III. SCENE I.

Countess of Nottingham, Burleigh.

Not. **N**OW, famous *Cecil*, England owes to thee,
More than *Rome's* State did once to *Cicero* pay,
That crusht the vast Designs of *Catiline*.

But what did he? Quell'd but a petty Consul,
And sav'd a Commonwealth; but thou'st done more,
Pull'd down a haughtier far than *Catiline*,
Thy Nation's sole Dictator for twelve Years,
And sav'd a Queen and Kingdom, by thy Wisdom.

Burl. But what the Roman Senate then allow'd,
Nay and proud *Cicero* himself, to *Fulvia*,
Fulvia, the lovely Saver of her Country,
Must all, and more, be now ascrib'd to you,
To the sole Wit of beauteous *Nottingham*;
But I will cease, and let the Nation praise thee,
And fix thy Statue high as was *Minerva's*,
The great *Palladium* that protect'd *Illium*——

I came t' attend the Queen; where is she gone?

Not. She went t' her Closet, where she's now alone:
As she pass'd by, I saw her lovely Eyes
Clouded in Sorrow; and, before she spy'd me,
Sad Murmurs echo'd from her troubled Breast,
And straight some Tears follow'd the mournful Sound;
Which, when she did perceive me, she'd have hid,
And with a piteous Sigh she strove to wipe

The

The Drops away, but with her Haste she left
Some sad Remains upon her dewy Checks.

Burl. What should the Reason be?

Nor. At *Essex*'s Answer.

Burl. What said she then?

No doubt th' Affront had stung her!
But kind *Southampton*, faithful to his Friend
In all things, came, and with a cunning Tale,
Which she too willingly inclin'd to hear,
Turn'd her to Mildness, and, at his Request,
Promis'd to see the Earl, and hear him speak,
To vindicate his Crimes, which bold *Southampton*
Declar'd to be his Enemies Aspersions;
And now is *Essex* sent for to the Court.

Nor. Then I am lost, and my Designs unravell'd:
If once she sees him, all's undone again——

Burl. Behold the Closet opens——see the Queen——
'Tis dangerous to interrupt her——let's retire.

Nor. Be you not seen; I'll wait within her Call.

[*Exit Burleigh.*]

Enter the Queen alone, as from her Closet.

Queen. Where am I now? Why wander I alone?
What drags my Body forth without a Mind,
In all things like a Statue, but in Motion?
There's something I would say, but know not what;
Nor yet to whom——O wretched State of Princes!
That never can enjoy, nor wish to have,
What is but meanly in it self a Crime:
But 'tis a Plague, and reigns thro' all the World.
Faults done by us are like licentious Laws,
Ador'd by all the Rabble, and are easier
And sooner far obey'd than what are honest;
And Comets are less dreadful than our Failings——

Where

Where hast thou been?

I thought, dear *Nottingham*, I'd been alone.

Not. Pardon this bold Intrusion; but my Duty
Urges me farther— On my Knees I first
Beg Pardon, that I am so bold to ask it;
Then, that you would disclose what 'tis afflicts you.
Something hangs heavy on your Royal Mind,
Or else I fear you are not well,

Queen. Rise, pr'ythee—

I am in Health, and thank thee for thy Love;
Only a little troubled at my People:
I have reign'd long, and they're grown weary of me;
New Crowns are like new Garlands, fresh and lovely;
My Royal Sun declines towards its West,
They're hot and tir'd beneath its Autumn Beams—
Tell me, what says the World of *Essex*' coming?

Not. Much do they blame him for't, but think him brave.

Queen. What, when the Traitor serv'd me thus!

Not. Indeed it was not well.

Queen. Not well! and was that all?

Not. It was a very bold and heinous Fault.

Queen. Ay, was it not? and such a base Contempt,
As he deserves to die for; less than that
Has cost a hundred nearer Fav'rites Heads,
Since the first *Saxon* King that reign'd in *England*;
And lately in my Royal Father's Time,
Was not brave *Buckingham* for less condemn'd?
And lost not *Wolsey* all his Church-Revenues,
Nay, and his Life too, but that he was a Coward,
And durst not live to feel the Stroke of Justice?
Thou know'st it too, and this most vile of Men,
That brave *Northumberland* and *Westmorland*,
For lesser Crimes than his, were both beheaded.

Not. Most true— can *Essex* then be thought so guilty,
And not deserve to die?

Queen.

Queen. To die! to rack;

And as his Treasons are the worst of all Mens,
So I will have him plagu'd above the rest;
His Limbs cut off, and plac'd to th'highest View;
Not on low Bridges, Gates, and Walls of Towns,
But on vast Pinnacles that touch the Sky,
Where all that pass, may in Derision say,
Lo, there is *Essex*, proud, ingrateful *Essex*!
Essex, that brav'd the Justice of his Queen——

Is not that well? Why dost not speak,
And help thy Queen to rail against this Man?

Not. Since you will give me Leave, I will be plain,
And tell your Majesty what all the World
Says of that proud ingrateful Man. (and me?)

Queen. Do so: Pr'ythee what says the World of him

Not. Of you they speak no worse than of dead Saints,
And worship you no less than as their God,
Than Peace, than Wealth, or their eternal Hopes;
Yet do they often wish, with kindest Tears
Sprung from the purest Love, that you'd be pleas'd
To heal their Grievances on *Essex* charg'd,
And not protect the Traitor by your Pow'r,
But give him up to Justice and to Shame,
For a Revenge of all your Wrongs and theirs.

Queen. What, would they then prescribe me Rules to govern!

Not. No more but with Submission as to Heav'n;
But upon *Essex* they unload Reproaches,
And give him this bad Character:
They say he is a Person (b'ating his Treasons)
That in his noblest, best Array of Parts,
He scarcely has enough to make him pass
For a brave Man, nor yet a Hypocrite;
And that he wears his Greatness and his Honours
Foolish and proud, as Lacquies wear gay Liv'ries:

Valiant they will admit he is; but then,
Like Beasts, precipitately rash and brutish:
Which is no more commendable in him,
Than in a Bear, a Leopard, or a Wolf.
He never yet had Courage over Fortune;
And, which to shew his nat'ral Pride the more,
He roars and staggers under small Affronts,
And can no more endure the Pain, than Hell.
Then he's as covetous, and more ambitious
Than that first Fiend that sow'd the Vice in Heav'n,
And therefore was dethron'd and tumbled thence;
And so they wish that *Essex* too may fall.

Queen. Enough, thou'lt rail'd thy self quite out of Breath;
I'll hear no more——Blisters upon her Tongue! [*Aside.*]
'Tis Baseness tho' in thee, but to repeat
What the rude World maliciously has said;
Nor dare the vilest of the Rabble think,
Much less profanely speak, such horrid Treasons——
Yet 'tis not what they say, but what you'd have 'em,

Not. Did not your Majesty command me to speak?

Queen. I did; but then I saw thee on a sudden
Settle thy Senses all in eager Postures,
Thy Lips, thy Speech, and Hands were all prepar'd,
A joyful Red painted thy envious Cheeks,
Malicious Flames flash'd in a Moment from
Thy Eyes, like Lightning from thy o'ercharg'd Soul,
And fir'd thy Breast, which, like a hard-ramm'd Piece,
Discharg'd unmannerly upon my Face.

Not. Pardon, bright Queen, most Royal and belov'd,
The Manner of expressing of my Duty;
But you your self began, and taught me first.

Queen. I am his Queen, and therefore may have Leave;
May not my self have Privilege to mould
The Thing I made, and use it as I please?
Besides, he has committed monstrous Crimes

Against

Against my Person, and has urg'd me far
 Beyond the Pow'r of mortal Suffering,
 Me he has wrong'd, but thee he never wrong'd;
 What has poor *Essex* done to thee? Thou hast
 No Crown that he could hope to gain,
 No Laws to break, no Subjects to molest,
 Nor Throne that he could be ambitious of—
 What Pleasure could'st thou take to see
 A drowning Man knock'd on the Head, and yet
 Not wish to save the miserable Wretch?

Not. I was to blame.

Queen. No more—

Thou seest the Queen, the World, and Destiny
 It self against this one bad Man; and him
 Thou canst not pity nor excuse.

Not. Madam—

Queen. Be gone, I do forgive thee; and bid *Rutland*
 [Exit *Not.*

Come to me straight. Ha! what have I disclos'd?
 What, have I chid my Woman for a Fault
 Which I wrung from her, and committed first?
 Why stands my jealous and tormented Soul
 A Spy to listen and divulge the Treasons
 Spoke against *Essex*? O you mighty Pow'rs!
 Protectors of the Fame of *England's* Queen,
 Let me not know it for a thousand Worlds;
 'Tis dangerous—but yet it will discover,
 And I feel something whisp'ring to my Reason,
 That says it is—O blotted be the Name
 For ever from my Thoughts. If it be so,
 And I am stung with the Almighty's Dart,
 I'll die but I will tear thee from my Heart,
 Shake off this hideous Vapour from my Soul,
 This haughty Earl, the Prince of my Controul,

Banish

Banish this Traitor to his Queen's Repose,
And blast him with the Malice of his Foes;
Were there no other way his Guilt to prove,
'Tis Treason to infect the Throne with Love.

Enter the Countess of Essex.

How now, my *Rutland*? I did send for you—
I have observ'd you have been sad of late.
Why wear'st thou black so long? and why that Cloud,
That mourning Cloud about thy lovely Eyes?
Come, I will find a noble Husband for thee.

C. Eff. Ah! mighty Princess, most ador'd of Queens!
Your Royal Goodness ought to blush, when it
Descends to care for such a Wretch as I am.

Queen. Why say'st thou so? I love thee well, indeed
I do, and thou shalt find by this 'tis Truth—
Injurious *Nottingham* and I had some
Dispute, and 'twas about my Lord of *Essex*—

C. Eff. Ha! *[Aside.*

Queen. So much, that she displeas'd me strangely,
And I did send her from my sight in Anger.

C. Eff. O that dear Name o' th' sudden how
it starts me!

Makes every Vein within me leave its Channel,
To run and to protect my feeble Heart;
And now my Blood as soon retreats again,
To croud with Blushes full my guilty Cheeks—
Alas I fear. *} Aside*

Queen. Thou blushest at my Story!

C. Eff. Not I, my gracious Mistress, but my Eyes
And Cheeks, fir'd and amaz'd with Joy, turn'd red
At such a Grace as you was pleas'd to shew me.

Queen. I'll tell thee then, and ask thee thy Advice.
There is no doubt, dear *Rutland*, but thou hear'st
The daily Clamours that my People vent

C

Against

Against the most unhappy Earl of *Essex*,
 The Treasons that they would impeach him of ;
 And which is worse, this day he is arriv'd
 Against my strict Commands, and left Affairs
 In *Ireland*, desperate, heedless, and undone.

C. Eff. Might I presume to tell my humble Mind,
 Such Clamours very often are design'd
 More by the People's Hate, than any Crimes
 In those they would accuse.

Queen. Thou speak'st my Sense :
 But, oh ! dear *Rutland*, he has been to blame——
 Lend me thy Breast to lean upon——O 'tis
 A heavy Yoke they wou'd impose on me,
 Their Queen ; and I am weary of the Load,
 And want a Friend like thee, to lull my Sorrows.

C. Eff. Behold, these Tears sprung from fierce Pain and
 To see your wondrous Grief, your wondrous Pity. (Joy,
 O that kind Heav'n wou'd but instruct my Thoughts,
 And teach my Tongue such softning, healing Words,
 That it might charm your Soul, and cure your Breast
 For ever.

Queen. Thou art my better Angel then,
 And sent to give me everlasting Quiet——
 Say, Is't not pity that so brave a Man,
 And one that once was reckon'd as a God,
 That he should be the Author of such Treasons ?
 That he, that was like *Cæsar*, and so great,
 Has had the Power to make and unmake Kings,
 Shou'd stoop to gain a petty Throne from me ?

C. Eff. I can't believe 'tis in his Soul to think,
 Much less to act a Treason against you ;
 Your Majesty, whom I have heard him so
 Commend, that Angels Words did never flow
 With so much Eloquence, so rare, so sweet,
 That nothing but the Subject cou'd deserve.

Queen.

Queen. Haft thou then heard him talk of me?

C. Eff. I have;

And of so much Excellence, as if
He meant to make a rare Encomium on
The World, the Stars, or what is brighter, Heav'n.
She is, said he, the Goddess of her Sex,
So far beyond all Womankind beside,
That what in them is most ador'd and lov'd,
Their Beauties, Parts, and other Ornaments,
Are but in her the Foils to greater Lustre;
And all Perfections else, how rare soever,
Are in her Person but as lesser Gleams,
And infinite Beams that usher still the Sun,
But scarce are visible amidst her other Brightness.
And then she is so good, it might be said,
That while she lives, a Goddess reigns in *England*;
For all her Laws are register'd in Heav'n,
And copy'd thence by her—But then he cry'd,
With a deep Sigh fetch'd from his loyal Heart,
Well may the World bewail that time at last,
When so much Goodness shall on Earth be mortal,
And wretched *England* break its stubborn Heart.

Queen. Did he say all this?

C. Eff. All this! nay more,

A thousand times as much; I never saw him,
But his Discourse was still in praise of you;
Nothing but Raptures fell from *Essex*' Tongue;
And all was still the same, and all was you.

Queen. Such Words spoke Loyalty enough.

C. Eff. Then does

Your Majesty believe that he can be
A Traitor?

Queen. No, yet he has broke the Laws,
And I for Shame no longer can protect him;
Nay, durst not see him.

C. Eff. What! not see him, say you?
 By that bright Star of Mercy in your Soul,
 And listening thro' your Eyes, let me intreat;
 'Tis good, 'tis God-like, and like *England's* Queen;
 Like only her to pity the Distress'd—
 Will you not grant that he shall see you once?

Queen. What! he
 That did defy my absolute Commands,
 And brings himself audaciously before me!

C. Eff. Impute it not to that, but to his Danger,
 That hearing what Proceedings here had past
 Against his Credit, and his Life, he comes
 Loyal, tho' unadvis'd, to clear himself.

Queen. Well, I will see him then, and see him straight—
 Indeed, my *Rutland*, I would fain believe,
 That he is honest still, as he is brave.

C. Eff. O nourish that most kind Belief, 'tis sprung
 From Justice in your Royal Soul—Honest!
 By your bright Majesty, he is faithful still,
 The pure and virgin Light is less untainted!
 The glorious Body of the Sun breeds Gnats,
 Insects that molest its curious Beams;
 The Moon has Spots upon her crystal Face,
 But in his Soul are none—And for his Valour,
 The Christian World records its wondrous Story.
 Baseness can never mingle with such Courage.
 Remember what a Scourge he was to Rebels,
 And made your Majesty ador'd in *Spain*
 More than their King, that brib'd you with his *Indies*,
 And made himself so dreadful to their Fears:
 His very Name put Armies to the rout;
 It was enough to say, Here's *Effex* come;
 And Nurses still'd their Children with the Fright.

Queen. Ha! she's concern'd, transported!
 I'll try thee farther—[*Aside.*] Then he has a Person!

C. Eff.

C. Eff. Ay, in his Person, there you sum up all.
 Ah! loveliest Queen, did you e'er see the like!
 The Limbs of *Mars*, and awful Front of *Jove*,
 With such an Harmony of Parts, as put
 To blush the Beauties of his Daughter *Venus*,
 A Pattern for the Gods to make a perfect Man by,
 And *Michael Angelo* to frame a Statue
 To be ador'd thro' all the wondring World.

Queen. I can endure no more—Hold, *Rutland*,
 Thy Eyes are moist, thy Senses in a hurry,
 Thy Words come crouding one upon another.
 Is it a real Passion, or extorted?
 Is it for *Essex*' sake, or for thy Queen's,
 That makes this furious Transport in thy Mind?
 She loves him, ah! 'tis so—What have I done?
 Conjur'd another Storm to rack my Rest?
 Thus is my Mind with Quiet never blest,
 But, like a loaded Bark, finds no Repose
 When 'tis becalm'd, or when the Weather blows.

*Enter Burleigh, Countess of Nottingham, Raleigh,
 Lords, Attendants, and Guards.*

Burl. May't please your Majesty, the Earl of *Essex*,
 Return'd by your Command, entreats to kneel
 Before you.

Queen. Now hold my treacherous Heart,
 Guard well the Breach that this proud Man has
 made—
Rutland, we must defer this Subject till
 Some other time—Come hither, *Nottingham*.

Aside

Enter the Earls of Essex and Southampton, attended.

Essex. Behold your *Essex* kneel, to clear himself
 Before his Queen, and now receive his Doom.

Queen. I must divert my Fears, I see he takes the way:

To bend the sturdy Temper of my Heart— [*Aside.*
Well, my Lord, I see you can
Withstand mine Anger, as you lately boasted
You did your Enemies—Were they such Foes
As bravely did resist, or else the same
You parly'd with? It was a mighty Courage.

Essex. Well, well, you cruel Fates! well have you
The Way to shock the Basis of a Temper (found
That all your Malice else cou'd ne'er invent,
And you, my Queen, to break your Soldier's Heart.
Thunder and Earthquakes, Prodigies on Land
I've borne, devouring Tempests on the Seas,
And all the horrid Strokes beside,
That Nature e'er invented: yet to me
Your Scorn is more—Here take this Traitor,
Since you will have me so; throw me to Dungeons,
Lash me with Iron Rods, fast bound in Chains,
And like a Fiend in Darkness let me roar;
It is the nobler Justice of the two.

Queen. I see you want no cunning Skill to talk,
And daub with Words a Guilt you wou'd evade—
But yet, my Lord, if you wou'd have us think
Your Virtue's wrong'd, wash off the Stain you carry,
And clear yourself of parlying with the Rebels—
Grant Heav'n he does but that, and I am happy. [*Aside.*]

Essex. My parlying with the Enemy!

Queen. Yes, your secret treating with *Tyrone*, I mean,
And making Articles with *England's* Rebels.

Essex. Is that alledg'd against me for a Fault?
Put in your Royal Breast by some that are
My false Accusers for a Crime? Just Heav'n!
How easy is it to make a great Man fall?
'Tis wise, 'tis *Turkish* Policy in Courts.

For

For treating!
Am I not yet your General, and was
I not so there by virtue of this Staff?
I thought your Majesty had given me Power,
And my Commission had been absolute,
To treat, to fight, give Pardons, or disband:
So much and vast was my Authority,
That you were pleased to say in Mirth to others,
I was the first of *English* Kings that reign'd
In *Ireland*.

Queen. Oh! how soon would I believe
How willingly approve of such Excuses?
His Answers, which to all the Croud are weak—
That large Commission had in it no Power,
That gave you leave to treat with Rebels,
Such as *Tyrone*, and wanted not Authority
To fight 'em on the least Advantage.

} *Aside*

Essex. The Reason why
I led not forth the Army to the North,
And fought not with *Tyrone*, was, that my Men
Were half consum'd with Fluxes and Diseases,
And those that liv'd, so weakned and unfit,
That they could scarce defend them from the Vultures
That took them for the Carrion of an Army.

Queen. Oh! I can hold no longer, he'll not
hide his Guilt,

} *Aside*

I fear he will undo himself and me—
Name that no more, for shame of thee the Cause,
Nor hide thy Guilt by broaching of a worse.
Fain I wou'd tell, but whisper it in my Ear,
That none besides may hear, nay, not myself,
How vicious thou hast been—Say, was not *Essex*
The Plague that first infected my poor Soldiers,
And kill'd 'em with Diseases? Was't not he
That loiter'd all the Year without one Action,

Whilst all the Rebels in the North grew bold,
 And rally'd daily to the Queen's dishonour?
 Mean while, thou stood'st and saw the Army rot
 In fenny and unwholesome Camps—thou hast,
 No doubt, a just Excuse for coming too,
 In spite of all the Letters that I sent
 With my Commands to hinder thee.—Be silent—
 If thou mak'st more such impudent Excuse,
 Thou'lt raise an Anger will be fatal to thee.

Effex. Not speak! Must I be tortur'd on the Rack,
 And not be suffer'd to discharge a Groan?
 Speak! yes I will, were there a thousand Deaths
 Stood ready to devour me! 'tis too plain
 My Life's conspir'd, my Glories all betray'd:
 That Vultur *Cecil* there, with hungry Nostrils,
 Waits for my Blood, and *Raleigh* for my Charge;
 Like Birds of Prey that seek out fighting Fields,
 And know when Battle's near: nay, and my Queen
 Has past her Vote, I fear, to my Destruction.

Queen. Oh! I'm undone! how he destroys
 my Pity!

Cou'd I bear this from any other Man?
 He pulls and tears the Fury from my Heart
 With greater Grief and Pain, than a fork'd Arrow
 Is drawn from forth the Bosom where 'twas
 lodg'd.

Aside

Mild Words are all in vain, and lost upon him—
 Proud and ingrateful Wretch, how durst thou say it?
 Know, Monster, that thou hast no Friend but me,
 And I have no Pretence for it, but one,
 And that's in contradiction to the World,
 That curses and abhors thee for thy Crimes.
 Stir me no more with Anger for thy Life:
 Take heed how thou dost shake my Wrongs too much,
 Lest they fall thick and heavy on thy Head.
 Yet thou shalt see what a rash Fool thou art—

Know

Know then that I forgive thee from this Moment
All that is past, and this unequal'd Boldness,
Give thee that Life thou said'st I did conspire against—
But for your Offices——

Effex. I throw 'em at your Feet.

[*Lays his General's Staff down.*]

Now banish him that planted Strength about you,
Cover'd this Island with my spreading Laurels,
Whilst your safe Subjects slept beneath their Shade.
Give 'em to Courtiers, Sycophants and Cowards,
That sell the Land for Pence and Childrens Portions,
Whilst I retreat to *Africk* in some Desert,
Sleep in a Den, and herd with valiant Brutes,
And serve the King of Beasts. There's more Reward,
More Justice there than in all Christian Courts:
The Lion spar'd the Man that freed him from
The Toil, but *England's* Queen abhors her *Effex*.

South. My Lord——

C. Eff. Ah, what will be the Event of this! [*Aside.*]

Queen. Audacious Traitor!

Effex. Ha!

South. My Lord, my Lord, recall your Temper.

Effex. You said that I was bold, but now who blames
My Rage? Had I been rough as Storms and Tempests,
Rash as *Cethagus*, mad as *Ajax* was,
Yet this has ramn'd more Powder in my Breast,
And blown a Magazine of Fury up——
A Traitor! Yes, for serving you so well:
For making *England* like the *Roman* Empire
In great *Augustus'* time; renown'd in Peace
At home, and War abroad; enriching you
With Spoils both of the wealthy Sea and Land,
More than your *Thames* does bring you in an Age,
And setting up your Fame to such a height,
That it appears the Column of the World;

For tumbling down the proud rebellious Earls,
Northumberland and Westmorland, which caus'd
 The cutting both their Heads off with an Ax,
 That sav'd the Crown on yours—This *Essex* did,
 And I'll remove the Traitor from your sight.

Queen. Stay Sir, take your Reward along with you—

[*Offers to go, the Queen comes up to him, and gives him a Box on the Ear.*]

Essex. Ha! Furies, Death and Hell! a Blow!
 Has *Essex* had a Blow!—Hold, stop my Arm

[*Lays hand on his Sword.*]
 Some God—Who is't has given it me? the *Queen*

South. What do you mean, my Lord?

Queen. Unhand the Villain—

Durst the vile Slave attempt to murder me? [by all

Essex. No, you're my *Queen*, that charms me; but
 The Sublety, and Woman in your Sex

I swear, that had you been a Man you durst not!

Nay, your bold Father *Harry* durst not this

Have done—Why say I him? not all the *Harries*,

Nor *Alexander's* self, were he alive,

Shou'd boast of such a Deed on *Essex* done

Without Revenge.

Queen. Rail on, despair, and curse thy foolish Breath,

I'll leave thee like thy Hopes at th' Hour of Death;

Like the first Slayer, wandering with a Mark,

Shunning the Light, and wishing for the Dark;

In Torments worse than Hell, when thou shalt see

Thou hast by this curs'd Chance lost Heav'n and me.

[*Exeunt Queen, &c. remain Essex and Southampton.*]

South. What have you done, my Lord! Your haughty
 Carriage

Has ruin'd both your self and all your Friends—

Follow the *Queen*, and humbly on your Knees

Implore her Mercy, and confess your Fault.

Essex.

Essex. Ha! and tell her that I'll take a Blow!
Thou wou'dst not with thy Friend were such a Slave—
By Heav'n my Cheeks have set on fire my Soul,
And the Disgrace sticks closer to my Heart;
Than did the Son of old *Antipater's*,
Which cost the Life of his proud Master—Stand off,
Beware you lay not Hands upon my Ruin;
I have a Load would sink a Legion that
Shou'd offer but to save me.

South. My Lord, let us retire,
And shun this barbarous Place.

Essex. Ay, there thou say'st it——
Abhor all Courts, if thou art brave and wise,
For then thou never shalt be sure to rise;
Think not by doing well a Fame to get,
But be a Villain, and thou shalt be great.
Here Virtue stands by't self, or not at all:
Fools have Foundations, only brave Men fall;
But if ill Fate, and thy own Merits bring
Thee once to be a Favourite to a King,
It is a Curse that follows Loyalty,
Curst in thy Merits, more in thy Degree;
In all the Sport of Chance its chiefeft Aim,
Mankind's the *Hunt*, a Favourite's the *Game*. [*Exeunt.*]




ACT



ACT IV. SCENE I.

Countess of Nottingham, Raleigh.

C. Not.  I R, did you ever see so strange a
Scene

As *Essex*' Boldness? nay, and which
is more

To be admir'd, the Queen's prodigious Patience!

Ral. So strange, that nought but such a Miracle
Had saved him from Death upon the Place.

C. Not. She's of a nature wond'rous in her Sex,
Not hasty to admire the Beauties, Wisdom,
Valour and Parts in others, tho' extreme,
Because there's so much Excellence in her self;
And thinks that all Mankind should be so too:
But when once entertain'd, none cherishes,
Exalts and favours Virtue more than she;
Slow to be mov'd, and in her Rage discreet—
But then the Earl's like an ungovern'd Steed,
That has yet all the Shapes and other Beauties
That are commendable, or fought in one:
His Soul with fullen Beams shines in itself,
More jealous of Mens Eyes than is the Sun,
That will not suffer to be look'd into;
And there's a Mine of Sulphur in his Breast,
Which when 'tis touch'd or heated, straight takes fire,
And tears and blows up all its Virtues with it.

Ral. Ambitious Minds feed daily upon Passion,
And ne'er can be at rest within themselves,

Because

Because they never meet with Slaves enough
 To tread upon, Mechanicks to adore 'em,
 And Lords and Statesmen to have Cringes from;
 Like some of those strange Seas that I have been on,
 Whose Tides are always violent and rough,
 Where Winds are seldom blowing to molest 'em.
 Sh' had done a nobler Justice, if, instead of
 That Schoolboy's Punishment, a Blow,
 Sh' had snatch'd a Halberd from her nearest Guard,
 And thrust it to his Heart; for less than that
 Did the bold Macedonian Monarch kill
 Clytus his Friend, and braver Soldier far.

C. Nor. But worse had been th' Event of such a Deed:
 For if th' afflicted King was hardly brought
 From Clytus' Body, she'd have dy'd o'er his.
 But how proceed the bold rebellious Lords
 In Essex' House?

Ral. Still they increase in Number.
 The Queen has sent four of her chiefest Lords,
 And since I hear the Guards are gone. 'Tis said,
 For his Excuse, that Blunt, that Fiend of Hell,
 And Brand of all his Master's wicked Counsels,
 Has spread abroad this most abhorr'd of Lyes,
 That I and the Lord Gray should join to murder him.

C. Not. Already then he's hunted to the Toil,
 Where let him roar, and lash himself to Fury,
 But never, never shall get out with struggling.
 O, it o'erjoy'd th' Affront within my Soul,
 To see the Man by all the World ador'd,
 That like a Comet shin'd above, and rul'd below,
 To see him on a sudden from our Eyes
 Drop like a Star, and vanish in the Ground;
 To see him how he bit the cursed Torture
 That durst no farther venture than his Lips,
 When he pass'd by the Guards, to hear no Noise.

No

No room for mighty *Essex* was proclaim'd;
 No Caps, no Knees, nor Welcomes to salute him:
 Then how he chaf'd, and started like a Deer
 With the fierce Dart fast sticking in his side,
 And finds his speedy Death where'er he runs!

Rat. Behold the Queen and the whole Court appear.

*Enter the Queen, Burleigh, Countess of Nottingham,
 Lords, Attendants, and Guards.*

Queen. Are the Rebellious Earls then apprehended?

Burl. They are, Thanks to the Almighty Powers,
 And the eternal Fortune of your Majesty.

Queen. And how did you proceed with my Commands,
 And how did the Rebels act?

Burl. Most audaciously.

The four Lords, chiefest of your private Council,
 Sent thither by your Majesty's Commission,
 Came to the Rebels House, but found the Gates
 Guarded and shut against them; yet at last
 Telling they brought a Message from the Queen,
 They were admitted, all besides, but him
 That bore the Seal before the Chancellor,
 Deny'd: Ent'ring, they saw the outward Court
 Fill'd with a number of promiscuous Persons,
 The chief of which bold Traitors in the midst
 Stood the two Earls of *Essex* and *Southampton*;
 Of whom your faithful Messengers with loud
 And loyal Voices did demand the Cause
 Of their unjust Assembly, telling them
 All real Grievances should be redress'd;
 But strait their Words were choak'd with louder Cries,
 And by the Earls Command with Insolence
 The People drove 'em to a strong Apartment
 Belonging to the House, setting a Guard
 Of Muskets at the Door, and threatening them

That

That they should there be kept close Prisoners
'Till the next Morning that the Earl return'd
From visiting his Friends the Citizens.

Queen. O horrid Insolence! attempt my Council!
My nearest Friends! Well, *Essex*, well,
I thank thee for the Cure of my Disease;
Thou goest the readiest way to give me ease. } *Aside.*
To the City, say't! What did he in the City?

Burl. There, as I learnt from many that confess'd,
He was inform'd the Citizens would rise;
Which to promote, he went disguis'd like one
Whom evil Fortune had bereav'd of Sense,
And almost seem'd as pitiful a Wretch
As *Harpagus*, that fled all o'er dismember'd
To fond *Aphyages*, to gain the Trust
Of all his *Median* Army to betray it.
His Head was bare, the Heat and Dust had made
His manly Face compassionate to behold, which he
So well did use, that sometimes with a Voice
That usher'd Tears both from himself and them,
And sometimes with a popular Rage, he ran
With Fury thro' the Streets. To those that stood
Far off he bended, and made taking Signs;
To those about him rais'd his Voice aloud,
And humbly did beseech'em for a Guard;
Told'em he was attempted to be murder'd
By some the chief of the Court, then counted all his

Wounds,
Unstripp'd his Breast, and shew'd his naked Scars,
Telling them what great Wonders he had done,
And wou'd do more to serve them and their Children;
Begging still louder to the stinking Rabble,
And sweated too so many eager Drops, as if
He had been pleading for *Rome's* Consulship.

Queen. How came he taken?

Burl. W

Burl. After he had us'd

Such subtle Means to gain your Subjects Hearts,
 (Your Citizens that ever were most faithful,
 And too well grounded in their Loyalties
 To be seduc'd from such a Queen) and finding
 That none began to arm in his behalf,
 Fear and Confusion of his horrid Guilt
 Possess'd him, and despairing of Success,
 Attempted strait to walk thro' *Ludgate* home:
 But being resisted by some Companies
 Of the Train'd-bands that stood there in defence,
 He soon retreated to the nearest Stairs,
 And so came back by water at the time
 When your most valiant Soldiers with their Leader
 Enter'd his House, and took *Southampton* and the rest.
 The affrighted Earl, defenceless both in Mind
 And Body, without the Power to help himself,
 And being full of Horror in his Thoughts,
 Was forc'd to run for Shelter in the Room
 Of a small Summer-house upon the *Thames*,
 Which when the Soldiers came to search, and found him,
 Who then had Eyes, and did not melt for Pity?
 To see the high, the gallant *Essex* there,
 Trembling and panting like the frighted Quarry,
 Whom the fierce Hawk had in his eager Eye?

Queen. Ha ! by my Stars, I think the mournful Tale
 Has almost made thee weep—Can *Essex*'s Miseries
 Then force Compassion from thy flinty Breast?
 He weeps, the Crocodile weeps o'er his Prey !
 How wretched and how low then art thou fall'n,
 That ev'n thy barbarous Hunters can neglect
 Their Rage, and turn their cruel Sport to Pity !
 What then must be my Lot ? How many Sighs,
 How many Griefs, Repentances, and Horrors
 Must I eternally endure for this ?
 Where is the Earl ?

Burl.

Bur. Under sufficient Guard,
In order to his sending to the *Tower*.

Queen. Ha, in the *Tower*! How durst thou send him
there

Without my Order?

Bur. The Earls are yet without
In the Lieutenant's Custody, who waits
But to receive your Majesty's Command—
To carry 'em thither.

Queen. What shall I do now:

Wake me thou watchful Genius of thy *Queen*,
Rouse me, and arm against my Foe;
Pity's my Enemy, and Love's my Foe,
And both have equally conspir'd with *Essex*.
Ha! shall I then refuse to punish him!
Condemn the Slave that disobey'd my Orders, } *Aside*
That brav'd me to my Face, and did attempt
To murder me, then went about to gain
My Subjects Hearts, and seize my Crown?
Now by my thousand Wrongs he dies, dies quickly,
And I cou'd stab his Heart, if I but thought
The Traytor in it to corrupt it—Away,
And send him to the *Tower* with speed—Yet hold.

C. Not. The *Queen's* distracted how to save
the Earl—

Her Study puts my Hatred on the Rack.

Queen. Who is it thou would'st kill with so
much haste?

Is it not *Essex*? him thou didst create,
And crown'd his Morning with full Rays of } *Aside*
Honours;

Whilst he return'd 'em with whole Springs of
Laurels,

Fought for thy Fame a hundred times in Blood,
And ventur'd twice as many Lives for thee;

And

And shall I then for one rash Act of his,
Of which I was the cruel cause, condemn him?

C. Nor. Her Rage ebbs out, and Pity flows
apace.

Queen. Do what you will, my Stars; do as
you please,

Just Heav'n, and censure *England's* Queen for it;
Yet *Essex* I must see, and then whoe'er thou art,

When I am dead, shall call this tender Fault,

This only Action of my Life in question,

Thou canst at worst but say, that it was Love,

Love that does never cease to be obey'd,

Love that has all my Power and Strength betray'd,

Love that sways wholly like the Cause of things:

Kings may rule Subjects, but Love reigns o'er

Kings.

Sets Bounds to Heav'n's high Wrath, when 'tis

severe,

And is the greatest Bliss and Virtue there—

Carry *Southampton* to the *Tower* strait,

But *Essex* I will see before he goes—

Now help me Art, check every Pulse within me,

And let me feign a Courage, tho' I've none—

Enter Essex with Guards.

Behold he comes with such a Pomp of Misery;

Greatness in all he shews, and nothing makes

Him less, but turns to be Majestick in him.

All that are present, for a while, withdraw,

And leave the Prisoner here with me unguarded.

[*Exeunt, manent Queen and Essex.*

Essex. Thus tho' I am condemn'd and hated by you,
A Traytor by your Royal Will proclaim'd;

[*Essex kneels.*

Thus do I bless my Queen, and all those Powers

That

That have inspir'd her with such tender Mercy,
As once to hear her dying *Essex* speak,
And now receive his Sentence from your Lips;
Which let it be my Life or Death, they're both
Alike to me, from you, my Royal Mistress:
And thus I will receive my Doom, and wish
My Knees might ever, till my dying Minute,
Cleave to the Earth, as now they do, in token of
The choicest, humblest begging of the Blessing.

Queen. Pray rise, my Lord, you see that I dare venture
To leave my self without a Guard between us.

Essex. Fairest that e'er was *England's* Queen, you
need not——

The time has been that *Essex* has been thought
A Guard, and being near you, has been more
Than Crouds of mercenary Slaves;
And is he not so now? Oh think me rather,
Think me a Traytor, if I can be so
Without a Thought against your precious Life;
But wrong me not with that: For by your self,
By your bright self that rules o'er all my Wishes,
I swear I wou'd not touch that Life, to be
As great as you, the greatest Prince on Earth;
Lightning shou'd blast me first,
Ere I wou'd touch the Person of my Queen,
Less gentle than the Breeze.

Queen. O y^e are become a wondrous Penitent!
My Lord, the time has been you were not so;
Then you were haughty, and because you urg'd me,
Urg'd me beyond the Suffering of a Saint,
To strike you, which a King would have obey'd;
Then strait your Malice led you to the City,
Tempting my loyal Subjects to rebel,
Laying a Plot how to surprize the Court,
Then seize my Person with my chiefest Council,

To

To murder them; and I to beg your Mercy.
 This, this the wondrous faithful *Essex* did,
 Thou whom I rais'd from the vile Dust of Man,
 And plac'd thee as a Jewel in my Crown,
 And bought thee dearly for my Favour, at the rate
 Of all my Peoples Grievances and Curses;
 Yet thou didst this, ungrateful Monster, this,
 And all, for which as surely thou shalt die,
 Die like the foulest and the worst Ingrate;
 But Fetters now have humbled you, I see.

Essex. O hear me speak, most injur'd Majesty!
 Brightest of Queens, Goddess of Mercy too!
 O, think not that the Fear of Death or Prisons
 Can e'er disturb a Heart like mine, or make it
 More guilty, or more sensible of Guilt.
 All that y'are pleas'd to say, I now confess,
 Confess my Misery, my Crime, my Shame;
 Yet neither Death nor Hell shou'd make me own it,
 But true Remorse and Duty to your self,
 And Love——I dare stand Candidate with Heav'n,
 Who loves you most and purest.

Queen. How he awakes me,
 And all my Faculties begin to listen,
 Steal to my Eyes, and tread soft Paces to
 My Ears, as loth to be discover'd; yet
 As loth to lose the charming *Siren's* Song.
 Help me a little now, my cautious Angel.
 I must confess I formerly believ'd so,
 And I acknowledg'd it by my Rewards.

Essex. You have; but oh, what has my Rashness done,
 And what has not my Guilt condemn'd me to!
 Seated I was in Heav'n, where once that Angel,
 That haughty Spirit reign'd that tempted me,
 But now thrown down, like him, to worse than Hell.

Queen.

Queen. Ay, think on that, and like that Fiend roar still
In Torments, when thou may'st have been most happy—
There I out-did my Strength, and feel my Rage,
Recoil upon me like a foolish Child,
Who firing of a Gun as much as he can lift,
Is blasted with the Fury of the Blow.

Essex. Most blest of Queens! her Doom, her very Anger's
And I will suffer it as willingly (kind,
As your loud Wrongs instruct you to inflict;
I know my Death is nigh, my Enemies
Stand like a Guard of Furies ready by you,
To intercept each Sigh, kind Wish, or Pity,
Ere it can reach to Heav'n in my Defence,
And dash it with a Cloud of Accusations.

Queen. Ha! I begin to dread the danger nigh,
Like an unskilful Swimmer that has waded
Beyond his Depth, I am caught, and almost
drown'd

In Pity—What, and no one near to help me!

Essex. My Father once, too truly skill'd in Fate,
In my first blooming Age to ripening Glory,
Bid me beware my Six and Thirtieth Year;
That Year, said he, will fatal to thee prove,
Something like Death, or worse than Death will seize
Too well I find that cruel Time's at hand,
For what can e'er more fatal to me prove
Than my lost Fame, and losing of my Queen?

Queen. 'Tis so, 'tis true, nor is it in my power,
To help him—Ha! Why is it not? What hinders?
Who dares, or thinks to contradict my Will?
Is it my Subjects or my Virtue slays me?
No, Virtue's patient, and abhors Revenge,
Nay, sometimes weeps at Justice—'Tis not Love.
Ah, call it any thing but that; 'tis Mercy,
Mercy that pities Foes when in Distress,
Mercy the Heav'n's Delight—

My Lord, I fear your hot-spur Violence
 Has brought you to the very Brink of Fate,
 And 'tis not in my power, if I'd the Will,
 To save you from the Sentence of the Law;
 The Lords that are to be your equal Judges
 The House has chose already, and to-morrow,
 So soon your Tryal is to be. The People
 Cry loud for Justice; therefore I'll no more
 Repeat my Wrongs, but think you are the Man
 That once was Loyal.

Effex. Once!—

Queen. Hold!—For that Reason I will not upbraid you:
 To triumph o'er a miserable Man
 Is base in any, in a Queen far worse—
 Speak now, my Lord, and think what's in my power
 That may not wrong your Queen, and I will grant you—
 So—I am sure in this I have not err'd. [*Aside.*]

Effex. Blest be my Queen, in Mercy rich as Heaven—
 Now, now my Chains are light—Come, welcome Death,
 Come all you Spirits of Immortality,
 And waft my Soul unto his bright Abode,
 That gives my Queen this Goodness: Let me then
 Most humbly and devoutly ask two things;
 The first is, if I am condemn'd,
 That Execution may be done within
 The Tower-Walls, and so I may not suffer
 Upon a publick Scaffold to the World.

Queen. I grant it—O, and wish I cou'd do more. [*Aside.*]

Effex. Eternal Blessings crown your Royal Head:
 The next, the extremest Bliss my Soul can covet,
 And carry with it to the other World,
 As a firm Passport to the Powers incens'd;
 Say you have pardon'd me, and have forgot
 The Rage, the Guilt, and Folly of your *Effex.*

Queen.

Queen. Ha! What shall I do now? } *Aside*
 Look to thy self; and guard thy Character—
 Gocure your Fame, and make your self but what I wish you,
 Then you shall find that I am still your Queen—
 But that you may not see I'm covetous
 Of my Forgiveness, take it from my Heart;
 I freely pardon now whate'er y'ave done
 Amis to me, and hope ye will be quitted;
 Nay, I not only hope it, but shall pray for it,
 My Prayers to Heav'n shall be that you may clear
 Your self.

Essex. O most Renown'd and Godlike Mercy!
 O let me go; your Goodness is too bright
 For sinful Eyes like mine, or like the Fiend
 Of Hell, when dash'd from the Ætherial Light,
 I shall shoot downwards with my Weight of Curses,
 Cleave and be chain'd for ever to the Centre—

Queen. He is going; Ay, but whither?

To his Tryal,

To be condemn'd, perhaps, and then to die.
 If so, what Mercy hast thou shew'd in that?
 Pity and Pardon! Poor Amends his Life!
 If those be well, a Crocodile is blameless
 That weeps for Pity, yet devours his Prey: } *Aside*
 And dare not I do more for *Essex*,
 That am a Woman? and in Womankind
 Pity's their Nature; therefore I'm resolv'd
 It shall be in's own power to save his Life,
 If I shall sin in this, witness just Heaven,
 'Tis Mercy like yourself that draws me to't,
 And you'll forgive me, tho' the World may not—
 My Lord, perhaps we may ne'er meet again,
 And you in Person may not have the Power
 To implore what I do freely grant you; therefore
 That you may see you have not barely forc'd

An

An empty Pity from me, here's a Pledge,
 I give it from my Finger, with this Promise,
 That whensoever you return this Ring, [*Gives him a*
 To grant in lieu of it whate'er you ask. (*Ring.*

Essex. Thus I receive it with far greater Joy

[*Receives it on his Knees.*

Than the poor Remnant of Mankind that saw
 The Rain-bow Token in the Heav'ns, when strait
 The Floods abated, and the Hills appear'd,
 And a new smiling World the Waves brought forth.

Queen. No more, be gone, fly with thy Safety hence,
 Left horrid, dread Repentance seize my Soul,
 And I recall this strange Misdeed—Here take

[*Enter the rest with the Guards.*

Your Prisoner, there he is to be condemn'd
 Or quitted by the Law——away with him.

[*Ex. Guards with the Earl.*

Now Nottingham, thy Queen is now at rest,
 And *Essex'* Fate is now my least of Troubles.

*Enter Countess of Essex running and weeping, then kneels
 before the Queen, and holds by her Robe.*

C. Eff. Where is my Queen? where is my Royal
 I throw my self for Mercy here. [*Mistress!—*

Queen. What meanest thou?

C. Eff. Here I will kneel, here with my humble Body
 Fast rooted to the Earth, as I'm to Sorrow,
 No Moisture but my Tears to nourish me,
 Nor Air but Sighs, till I shall grow at last
 Like a poor shrivell'd Trunk blasted with Age
 And Grief, and never think to rise again
 Till I've obtain'd the Mercy I implore.

Queen. Thou dost amaze me.

C. Eff. Here let me grow the object of thing on Earth,
 A despis'd Plant beneath the mighty Cedar,

Yet

Yet if you will not pity me, I swear
These Arms shall never cease, but grasping still
Your Royal Robe, shall hold you thus for ever.

Queen. Prithee, be quick, and tell me what wou'dst have.

C. Eff. I dare not, yet I must— my Silence will
Be Death, my Punishment can be no more.
Prepare to hear, but learn to pity first,
For 'tis a Story that will start your Patience——
O save the Earl of *Essex*, save his Life.

My Lord whom you've condemn'd to Prisons strait,
And save my Life, who am no longer *Rutland*,
But *Essex*' faithful Wife—— he is my Husband.

Queen. Thy Husband!

C. Eff. Yes, too true it is, I fear,
By th'awful darting Fury in your Eyes,
The threatening Prologue of our utter Ruins.
Marry'd we were in secret, ere my Lord
Was sent by you unto his fatal Government
In *Ireland*.

Queen. Then thou art wedded to thy Grave——
Dost think by this, in multiplying Treasons,
And boldly braving me with them before
My Face, to save thy wicked Husband's Life?
What will my restless Fate do with me now [Aside.
Why dost thou hold me so? take off thy Hands.

C. Eff. Alas, I ask not mine! if that will please you,
I'll glut you with my Torments; act whate'er
Your Fury can invent: but 'tis for him,
My Lord, my Love, the Soul of my Desires.
My Love's not like the common Rate of Womens,
It is a *Phoenix*, there is not one such more:
How gladly would I burn like that rare Bird,
So that the Ashes of my Heart cou'd purchase
Poor *Essex*' Life, and Favour of my Princess!

Queen. Wou'd I were loose 'among Wilds, or
any where.

In any Hell but this——Why say I Hell?

Can there be melting Lead, or Sulphur yet
To add more Pain to what my Breast endures?

Why dost thou hang on me, and tempt me still?

C. Eff. O throw me not away——wou'd you but please
To feel my throbbing Breast, you might perceive,
At ev'ry Name, and ev'ry Thought of *Effex*,
How my Blood starts, and Pulses beat for Fear,
And shake and tear my Body like an Earthquake;
And ah, which cannot chuse but stir your heart
The more to pity me, th' unhappy frighted Infant,
The tender Offspring of our guilty Joys,
Pleads for its Father in the Womb,
As now its wretched Mother does.

Queen. Quickly

Unloose her Hands, take her from my Sight.

C. Eff. O you will not—you'll hear me first, and grant me
Grant me poor *Effex*' Life——shall *Effex* live?
Say, but you'll pardon him before I go.

Queen. Help me——will no one ease me of this Burden

C. Eff. Oh, I'm too weak for these inhuman Creatures

[*The Women take off her Hold.*

My Strength's decay'd, my Joints and Fingers numm'd,
And can no longer hold, but fall I must.

Thus like a miserable Wretch that thinks
H'as 'scap'd from drowning, holding on a Rock
With Fear and Pain, and his own Weight oppress'd,
And dash'd by every Wave that shrinks his Hold,

[*She falls down with Faintness.*

At length lets go, and drops into the Sea,
And cries for Help, but all in vain like me.

Queen. Be gone, and be deliver'd of thy Shame:
Let the vile Insect live, and grow to be

A Monster baser, hotter, worser far,
Than the ingrateful Parents that begot it.

C. Eff. Ah cruel, most remorseless Princess ! hold,
What has it done to draw such Curses from you ?

Queen. Go let her be close Prisoner in her Chamber.

C. Essex. Since I must go, and from my *Essex* part,
Despair and Death at once come seize my Heart :
Shut me from Light, from Day ne'er to be seen
By human kind, nor my more cruel Queen ;
Yet bless her Heav'n, and hear my loyal Prayer,
May you ne'er love like me, nor ne'er despair :
Ne'er see the Man at his departing Breath,
Whom you so love, and fain wou'd save from Death ;
Lest Heav'n be deaf as you are to my Cry,
And you run mad, and be as curst as I.

[*Ex. C. Essex, carried away by Women.*]


Queen. She's gone, but at her parting shot a Truth
Into my Breast, has pierc'd my very Soul——
Why was I Queen ? And why was I not *Rutland* ?
Then had my Princess, as myself did now,
Giv'n *Essex* such a Ring, and the Reward
Had then been mine, as now the Torment is——
O wretched State of Monarchs ! there is still
The Business of the World, and all the Pains,
Whilst happy Subjects sleep beneath their Gains :
The meanest Hind rules in his humble House,
And nothing but the Day sees what he does ;
But Princes, like the Queen of Night, so high,
Their Sports are seen by ev'ry vulgar Eye:
And as the Sun, the Planets glorious King,
Gives Life and Growth to ev'ry mortal thing,
And by his Motion all the World is blest,
Whilst he himself can never be at rest ;
So if there are such Blessings in a Throne,
Kings rain 'em down, while they themselves have none.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]



A C T V. S C E N E I.

Sir Walter Raleigh with the Queen's Guards. The Lieutenant of the Tower.

Ral.  *R. Lieutenant, here expires my Charge ;
I received Orders from her Majesty,
And the Lord Steward, to return the
Prisoners
Safe in your Custody, and with you I
leave 'em,*

*With Charge to have them in a Readiness ;
For Execution will be very speedy.*

Lieut. I shall, Sir.

Enter Countess of Nottingham.

Ral. Ha ! The Lady Nottingham !

What makes her here ?

Not. Where is my Lord of Essex ?

*I am commanded strait to speak with him,
And bring a Message from her Majesty.*

Ral. Madam,

What News can this strange Visit bring ?

How fares the Queen ? Are her Resolves yet stedfast ?

*Not. No, when she heard that Essex was condemn'd,
She started and look'd pale ; then blushing red,
And said that Execution shou'd be strait,
Then stopt, and said she'd hear first from the Earl ;
So she retir'd and past an Hour in Thought,*

None

None daring to interrupt her, till in haste
She sent for me, commanding me to go,
And tell my Lord from her, she could resist
No longer her Subjects loud Demands for Justice,
And therefore wish'd, if he had any Reasons
That were of Weight to stay his Execution,
That he would send them strait by me ;
Then blush'd again and sigh'd, and press'd my Hand,
And pray'd me to be secret, and deliver
What *Essex* should return in Answer to her.

Ral. I know not what she means, but doubt the Event—
You can best tell the Cause of her Disturbance.

I will to *Burleigh*, and then both of us
Will make Attempts to recollect the Queen.

[*Ex. Raleigh and Guards.*

Not. Pray bring me to my Lord.

Lieut. Madam, I will acquaint him that y^e are here.

[*Ex. Lieut.*

Not. Now Dragons Blood distil thro' all my Veins,
And Gall instead of Milk swell up my Breasts,
That nothing of the Woman may appear,
But horrid Cruelty and fierce Revenge——

Enter Essex.

He comes with such a Gallantry and Port,
As if his Miseries were Harbingers,
And Death the State to set his Person out——
Wrongs less than mine, tho in a Tyger's Breast,
Might now be reconcil'd to such an Object ;
But slighted Love my Sex can ne'er forget.

Essex. Madam, this is a Miracle of Favour,
A double Goodness in my Royal Mistress,
T'employ the fair, the injur'd *Nottingham* ;
And 'tis no less in you to condescend
To see a Wretch like me, that has deserv'd
No Favour at your Hands.

Not. No more, my Lord ; the Queen,
The gracious Queen commends her Pity to you,
Pity by me that owe a great deal more,
You know, and wish that I were once your Queen,
To give you what my Heart had so long in Store.

Eff. Then has my Death more Charms than Life can
Since my Queen pities me, and you forgive me. (promise,

Not. Hold, my good Lord, that is not all, she sends
To know if you can any thing propose
To mitigate your Doom, and stay your Death,
Which else can be no longer than this Day.
Next, if y^e are satisfy'd with ev'ry Passage
In your late Trial, if 'twere fair and legal ;
And if y^e ave those Exceptions that are real,
She'll answer them.

Eff. Still is my Death more welcome,
And Life will be a Burden to my Soul,
Since I can ne'er requite such Royal Goodness.
Tell her then, fair and charitable Messenger,
That *Effex* does acknowledge every Crime,
His Guilt unworthy of such wond'rous Mercy ;
Thanks her bright Justice, and the Lords his Judges,
For all was gracious and divine like her ;
And I have now no Injustice to accuse,
Nor Enemy to blame that was the Cause,
Nor Innocence to save me but the Queen.

Not. Ha, is this true ! how he undoes my Hopes ! [*Aside.*
And is that all ? Have you not one Request
To ask, that you can think the Queen will grant you ?

Eff. I have, and humbly 'tis that she would please
To spare my Life ; not that I fear to die :
But in Submission to her heav'nly Justice,
I own my Life a Forfeit to her Power,
And therefore ought to beg it of her Mercy.

Not. If this be real, my Revenge is lost.

[*Aside.*

Is there nought else that you rely upon,
Only submitting to the Queen's mere Mercy,
And barely asking her so great a Grace?
Have you no other Hopes?

Eff. Some Hopes I have.

Not. What are they? Pray, my Lord, declare 'em boldly
For to that only Purpose I am sent.

Eff. Then I am happy, happiest of Mankind,
Blest in the rarest Mercy of my Queen,
And such a Friend as you, blest in you both,
The Extasy will let me hold no longer—
Behold this Ring, the Passport of my Life;
At last y'ave pull'd the Secret from my Heart,
This precious Token—

Amidst my former Triumphs in her Favour,
She took from off her Finger, and bestow'd
On me— mark—with the Promise of a Queen,
Of her bright self less failing than an Oracle,
That in what Exigence of State so'er
My Life was in, that Time when I gave back,
Or should return this Ring again to her,
She'd then deny me nothing, I cou'd ask.

Not. O give it me, my Lord, and quickly let
Me bear it to the Queen, and ask your Life.

Eff. Hold, generous Madam, I receiv'd it on

[*Kneels, and gives Nottingham the Ring*

My Knees, and on my Knees I will restore it.

Here take it, but consider what you take;

'Tis the Life, Blood, and very Soul of *Essex*.

I've heard that by a skilful Artist's Hand,

The Bowels of a Wretch were taken out,

And yet he liv'd; you are that gallant Artist.

O touch it as you would the Seals of Life,

And give it to my Royal Mistress' Hand,

As you wou'd pour my Blood back in its empty Channels,
That gape and thirst like Fishes on the Oose
When Streams run dry, and their own Element
Forfakes 'em; if this shou'd in the least miscarry,
My Life's the Purchase that the Queen will have for't.

Not. Doubt you my Care, my Lord? I hope you do not.

Eff. I will no more suspect my Fate nor you;
Such Beauty, and such Merits must prevail.

Enter a Gentleman.

Gent. The Earl of Southampton having Leave,
Desires to speak with you, my Lord.

Not. Repose

Your Mind, and take no Thought but to be happy;
I'll send you Tidings of a lasting Life.

Eff. A longer and much happier Life attend
Both my good Queen and you. *[Exit Essex.]*

Not. Farewel, my Lord——

Yes a much longer Life than thine, I hope,
And if thou chance to dream of such strange Things,
Let it be there where lying Poets feign
Elysium is, where Myrtles lovely spread,
Trees of delicious Fruit invite the Taste,
And sweet *Arabian* Plants delight the Smell;
Where pleasant Gardens drest with curious Care
By Lovers Ghosts, shall recreate thy Fancy;
And there perhaps thou soon shall meet again
With amorous *Rutland*, for she cannot chuse
But be Romantick now, and follow thee.——

Enter a Gentlewoman.

Wom. Madam, the Queen.

Not.

Not. Ha ! that's unlucky — She come to the *Tower* ?
Yet 'tis no Matter ; see him I am sure
She will not ; or at worst will be persuaded.

Enter the Queen.

Queen. How now, dear *Nottingham*, hast seen the Earl ?
I left *Whitehall*, because I cou'd not rest
For Crowds that hallow'd for their Executions,
And others that petition'd for the Traitors.
Quick, tell me, hast thou done as I commanded ?

Not. Yes, Madam, I have seen and spoke with him.

Queen. And what has he said to thee for himself ?

Not. At my first Converse with him I did find him
Not totally despairing, nor complaining ;
But yet a haughty Melancholy
Appear'd in all his Looks, that shew'd him rather
Like one that had more Care
Of future Life than this.

Queen. Well, but what said he,
When thou awak'd'st him with Hopes of Pity ?

Not. To my first Question put by your Command,
Which was to know if he were satisfy'd
In the Proceedings of his lawful Trial ?
He answer'd with a careless Tone and Gesture,
That it was true, and he must needs confess
His Trial look'd most fair to all the World ;
But yet he too well knew,
The Law that made his Actions Treason,
Consulted but with Foes and Circumstances,
And never took from Heav'n or *Essex*'s Thoughts
A Precedent or Cause that might condemn him :
For if they had the least been read in either,
They wou'd have quickly found his Innocence.

Queen. Ha !

Not. That was but the Prologue, mark what follows.

Qu. What, durst he be so bold to brand my Justice?

Not. I pray'd that he wou'd urge that Scene no more,
But since he was condemn'd, and stood in need
Of Mercy, to implore it of your Majesty,
And beg his Life which you would not deny:
For to that end I said that you were pleas'd
To send me to him, and then told him all,
Nay, more than you commanded me to say.

Qu. What said he then? that alter'd him, I hope.

Not. No, not at all, but as I've seen a Lion
That has been play'd withal with gentle Strokes,
Has at the last been jested into Madness;
Soon on a sudden started into Passion
The furious Earl, his Eyes grew fiery red,
His Words precipitate, and Speech disorder'd;
Let the Queen have my Blood, said he, 'tis that
She longs for, pour it out to my Foes to drink;
As Hunters when the Quarry is run down,
Throw to the Hounds his Entrails for Reward.
I have enough to spare, but by the Heavens
I swear, were all my Veins like Rivers full,
And if my Body held a Sea of Blood,
I'd lose it all to the last innocent Drop,
Before I'd, like a Villain, beg my Life.

Qu. Hold, *Nottingham*, and say th'art not in Earnest—
Can this be true, so impudent a Traitor!

Not. That's but the Gloss, the Colour of his Treason,
Put after he did paint himself to the Life.
Wou'd the Queen, said he, have me own a Treason,
Impose upon myself a Crime, the Law
Has found me guilty of by her Command;
And so by asking of my forfeit Life,
Clear and proclaim her Justice to the World,
And stain myself for ever? no, I'll die first.

Qu. Enough, I'll hear no more, you wrong him, 'tis impossible he shou'd be such a Devil.

Not. Madam, I've done.

Qu. I pr'ythee pardon me—
But could he say all this?

Not. He did, and more;
But 'tis no matter, 'twill not be believ'd,
If I should tell the half of what he utter'd,
How insolent and how profane he us'd you.

Qu. You need not, I had rather
Believe it all than put you to the Trouble
To tell it o'er again, and me to hear it.

Then I am lost, betray'd by this false Man:

My Courage, Power, my Pity all betray'd,

And like that Giant, Patriarch of the *Jews*,

Bereft at once both of his Sight and Strength

By treacherous Foes; I wander in the Dark,

By *Essex* weak'ned, and by *Essex* blinded:

But then as he pray'd that his Strength might grow, *> Aside.*

At once to be reveng'd on them and die,

So grant me, Heaven, but so much Resolution

To grope my Way, that where I lay but hold

On whatsoe'er this huge *Colossus* stands,

I'll pull the Scaffold down, tho' o'er my Head,

And lose my Life to be reveng'd on his——

Well, *Nottingham*, I have but one Word more,

Talk'd not this wicked Creature of no Reason,

No Obligation that I had to save

His Life?

Not. No, but far worse than I have told you.

Qu. Sure thou art most unhappy in ill News!

No Promise, nor no Token did he speak of?

Not. Not the least Word, and if there are such things,

I do suppose he keeps 'em to himself,

For Reasons that I know not.

Qu.

Qu. 'Tis most false,

He needs must tell thee all, and thou betray'st him.

Not. Your Majesty does me wrong——

Qu. Hear me——

Oh I can hold no longer—— Say, sent he

No Ring, no Token, nor no Message by thee?

Not. Not any, on the Forfeit of my Life.

Qu. Thou lyest—can Earth produce so vile a Creature?——

Hence from my Sight and see my Face no more——

Yet tarry, *Nottingham*——Come back again.

This may be true, and I am still the Wretch [*Aside.*

To blame and to be pity'd—Pr'ythee, pardon me;

Forget my Rage, thy Queen is sorry for't.

Not. I wou'd your Majesty, instead of me,

Had sent a Person that you cou'd confide in,

Or else that you wou'd see the Earl yourself.

Qu. Pr'ythee no more; go to him!

No, but I'll send a Message for his Head;

His Head's the Token that my Wrongs require,

And his base Blood the Stream to quench my Fury——

Pr'ythee, invent: for thou art wond'rous witty

At such Inventions; teach my feeble Malice

How to torment him with a thousand Deaths,

Or what is worse than Death—— Speak, my *Medea*,

And thou wilt then oblige thy Queen for ever.

Not. First sign an Order for his Execution.

Qu. Say, it is done, but how to torture him!

Not. Then as the Lords are carrying to the Block,

Condoling both their sad Misfortunes,

Which to departing Souls is some Delight,

Order a Pardon for *Southampton's* Life,

It will be worse than Hell to *Essex's* Soul,

Where 'tis a going, to see his Friend snatch'd from him,

And

And make him curse his so much Pride and Folly,
That lost his own Life in Exchange for his.

Qu. That was well thought on !

Not. This is but the least,

The next will be a fatal Stroke, a Blow indeed ;

A thousand Heads to lose is not so dreadful.

Let *Rutland* see him at the very Moment

Of her expiring Husband ; she will hang

Worse than his Guilt upon him, lure his Mind,

And pull it back to Earth again ; double

All the fierce Pangs of Thought and Death upon him,

And make his loaded Spirits sink to Hell.

Qu. O thou art the *Machiavel* of all the Sex,

Thou bravest, most heroick for Invention !

Come let's dispatch——

Enter Burleigh, Raleigh, Lords, Attendants and Guards.

My Lords, see Execution done on *Essex* ;

But for *Southampton*, I will pardon him :

His Crimes he may repent of ; they were not

So great, but done in Friendship to the other.

Act my Commands with Speed, that both of us

May strait be out of Torment—My Lord *Burleigh*,

And you Sir *Walter Raleigh*, see't perform'd ;

I'll not return till you have brought the News.

[*Exeunt Queen and Nottingham.*

Ral. I wou'd she were a hundred Leagues from hence

Well, and the Crown upon her Head ; I fear

She'll not continue in this Mind a Moment.

Bur. Then't shall be done this Moment—Who attends ?

Bid the Lieutenant have his Prisoners ready. [*Ex. Officer.*

Now we may hope to see fair Days again

In *England*, when this how'ring Cloud is vanish'd,

Which hung so long betwixt our Royal Sun

And

And us, but soon will visit us with Smiles,
And raise her drooping Subjects Hearts——

Enter the two Earls, Lieutenant and Guards.

My Lord,
We bring an Order for your Execution,
And hope you are prepar'd; for you must die
This very Hour.

South. Indeed the Time is sudden!

Eff. Is Death th' Event of all my flatter'd Hopes?
False Sex, and Queen more perjur'd than them all!
But die I will without the least Complaint,
My Soul shall vanish silent as the Dew
Attracted by the Sun from verdant Fields,
And Leaves of weeping Flowers—Come, my dear Friend,
Partner in Fate, give me thy Body in
These faithful Arms, and O now let me tell thee,
And you, my Lords, And Heaven my Witness too,
I have no Weight, no Heaviness on my Soul,
But that I've lost my dearest Friend his Life.

South. And I protest by the same Powers Divine,
And to the World, 'tis all my Happiness,
The greatest Bliss my Mind yet e'er enjoy'd,
Since we must die, my Lord, to die together.

Burl. The Queen, my Lord *Southampton*, has been
pleas'd

'To grant particular Mercy to your Person;
And has by us sent you a Reprieve from Death,
With Pardon of your Treasons, and commands
You to depart immediately from hence.

South. O my unguarded Soul! sure never was
A man with Mercy wounded so before!

Eff. Then I am loose to steer my wand'ring Voyage,
Like a bad Vessel that has long been cros'd;

And

And bound by adverse Winds, at last gets Liberty,
And joyfully makes all the Sail she can,
To reach its wish'd for Port——Angels protect
The Queen, for her my chiefest Prayers shall be,
That as in time sh'as spar'd my noble Friend,
And owns his Crimes worth Mercy, may she ne'er
Think so of me too late when I am dead——
Again, *Southampton*, let me hold thee fast,
For 'tis my last Embrace.

South. O be less kind, my Friend, or move less Pity.
Or I shall sink beneath the Weight of Sadness!
Witness the Joy I have in Life to part
With you; witness these Woman's Throbs and Tears;
I weep that I am doom'd to live without you,
And shou'd have smil'd to share the Death of *Essex*.

Ess. O spare this Tenderness for one that needs it,
For her that I'll commit, 'tis all that I
Can claim of my *Southampton*——O my Wife!
Methinks that very Name should stop thy Pity,
And make thee covetous of all as lost
That is not meant to her——Be a kind Friend
To her, as we have been to one another;
Name not the dying *Essex* to thy Queen,
Lest it shou'd cost a Tear, nor ne'er offend her.

South. O stay, my lord, let me have one Word more;
One last Farewel, before the greedy Axe
Shall part my Friend, my only Friend, from me,
And *Essex* from himself——I know not what
Are call'd the Pangs of Death, but sure I am
I feel an Agony that's worse than Death——
Farewel.

Ess. Why, that's well said——Farewel to thee——
Then let us part, just like two Travellers,
Take distant Paths, only this Difference is,
Thine is the longest, mine the shortest Way——

Now

Now let me go——If there's a Throne in Heaven
For the most brave of Men and best of Friends,
I will bespeak it for *Southampton*.

South. And I, while I have Life, will hoard thy Memory.

When I am dead we then shall meet again.

Eff. Till then, Farewel.

South. Till then, Farewel. [*Ex. South.*]

Eff. Now on, my Lords, and execute your Office——

Enter the Countess of Essex and Women.

My Wife ! nay then my Stars will ne'er have done.
Malicious Planets reign, I'll bear it all
To your last Drop of Venom on my Head——
Why cruel lovely Creature dost thou come
To add to Sorrow, if't be possible,
A Figure more lamenting ? Why this Kindness,
This killing Kindness now at such a Time !
To add more Woes to thine and my Misfortunes.

C. Eff. The Queen, my Lord, has been so merciful,
Or cruel, name it as you please, to let
Me see my *Essex* ere he dies.

Eff. Has she ?

Then let's improve this very little Time
Our niggard Fate allows us : For we are owing
To this short Space all the dear Love we had
In store for many happy promis'd Years.

C. Eff. What hinders then but we shou'd be both
happy ?

Whilst others live long Years, and sip, and taste,
Like Niggards of their Loves, we'll take whole Draughts.

Eff. Then let's embrace in Extasies of Joys,
Drink all our Honey up in one short Moment,
That shou'd have serv'd us for our Winter Store :

Be lavish and profuse like wanton Heirs
That waste their whole Estate at once,
For the kind Queen takes Care, and has ordain'd
That we shall never live to want.

Burl. My Lord,
Prepare, the very utmost Time's at Hand,
And we must strait perform the Queen's Command
In leading you to Justice.

C. Eff. Hold, good *Lucifer* !
Be kind a little and defer Damnation,
Thou canst not think how I will worship thee.
No *Indian* shall adore thee as I will ;
Thou shalt have Martyrs, and whole Hecatombs
Of slaughter'd Innocents to suck their Blood,
Widows Estates and Orphans without Number,
Mannors and Parks more than thy Lust requires,
Till thou shalt die and leave a King's Estate
Behind thee.

Eff. Prithee spare thy precious Heart,
That fluttering so with Passion in thy Breast,
Has almost bruis'd its Tenderness to Death.

C. Eff. Why ask I him, and think of Pity there ?
From him on whom kind Heaven has set a Mark,
A Heap of Rubbish at the Door, to shew
No cleanly Virtue can inhabit there——
Malicious Toad, and which is worse, foul *Cecil*,
I tell thee *Essex* soon shall reign in Heaven,
While thou shalt grovel in the Den of Hell ;
Roar like the Damn'd, and tremble to behold.
Go share Dominions with the Powers of Hell ;
For *Lucifer* will ne'er dispute
Thy great Desert in Wickedness above him,
Nor who's the uglier Fiend, thyself or he.

Ral. My Lord, you think not of the Queen's Commands,
And can you stand thus unconcern'd, and hear
Yourself so much abus'd?

Burl. Be patient, *Raleigh*,
The Pain is all her own, and hurts not *Cecil*,
She will be weary sooner than my self——
Poor innocent and most unhappy Lady,
I pity her.

C. Eff. Why, dost thou pity me?
Nay then I'm fall'n into a low Estate
Indeed, if Hell compassionate my Miseries,
They must be greater than the damn'd endure——
I prithee pardon me——ah my lov'd Lord,
My Heart begins to break; let me go with thee,
And see the fatal Blow given to my *Effex*,
That will be sure to rid me soon of Torments:
And 'twill be Kindness in thee——do my Lord,
Then we shall both be quit of Pain together.

Eff. Ah, why was I condemn'd to this, what Man
But *Effex* ever felt a Weight like this!

C. Eff. O we must never part——Support my Head,
My sinking Head, and lay it to thy Pulse,
The throbbing Pulse that beats about thy Heart,
'Tis Musick to my Senses——O my Love!
I have no Tears left in me that shou'd ease
A Wretch that longs for Pity——I am past
All Pity, and my poor tormented Heart
And Spirits within are quite consum'd,
Which is the Balm; the Scorpion's Blood that cures
The biting Pain of Sorrow, quite have left me,
And I am now a wretched hopeless Creature,
Full of substantial Misery, without
One Drop of Remedy.

Eff. Th'art pale, thy Breath
Grows chill, and like the Morning Air on Roses,

Leaves,

Leaves a cold Dew upon thy redder Lips—
She strives and holds me like a drowning Wretch—
O now, my Lords, if Pity ever blest you,
If you were never curst by Tygers, help me—
Now, now, you cruel Heav'ns! I plainly see,
'Tis not your Swords, your Axes, nor Diseases,
Which make the Death of Man so fear'd and painful,
But 'tis such horrid Accidents as these—
She opens her Eyes, which with a waining Look,
Like sickly Stars give a faint glimmering Light.

C. Essex. Where is my Love?

O think not to get loose, for I'm resolv'd
To stick more close to thee than Life; and when
That's going, mine shall run the Race with thine,
And both together reach the happy Goal.

Eff. Now I am shock'd, and all torn up, and rooted,
That's human in me—What, you mercilefs Hell,
What is't that makes poor Man distracted, mad,
Profane, to curse the Day, himself, the Heavens
That made him, but less Miseries than mine?
Why, why you Powers, do you exact from Man
More than your World and all that live beside?
The Sea is never calm when Tempests blow;
Tall Woods and Cedars murmur at the Wind,
And when your horrid Earthquakes cleave the Ground,
The Center groans, and Nature takes its part,
As if they did design to break your Laws,
And shake your Fetters off: nay, your own Heavens,
When Thunders roar, rebel, the Sun engages,
And all the warring Elements resist:
Heav'n, Seas, and Land, are suffer'd to contend,
But Man alone is curst if he complain—
Farewel, my everlasting Love, 'tis vain,
'Tis all in vain against resistless Fate
That pulls me from thee.

[Gives her a Letter.]

Here

Here give this Paper to the Queen, which when
She reads, perhaps she will be kind to thee.

C. Eff. Wilt thou not let me go ?
I am prepar'd to see the deadly Stroke,
And at that Time the fatal Axe falls on thee,
It will be sure to cut the twisted Cord
Of both our Lives afunder.

Eff. We must part——
Thou Miracle of Love, and Virtues all ;
Farewel, and may thy *Effex*' sad Misfortunes
Be doubled all with Blessings on thy Soul——
Still, still thou grasp'st me like the Pangs of Death——
Ha ! now she faints, and like a Wretch
Striving to climb a steep and slippery Breach,
With many hard Attempts gets up, and still
Slides down again, so she lets go at last
Her eager Hold, and sinks beneath her Weight——
Support her all——

Burl. My Lord, she will recover ;
Pray leave her with her Women, and make Use
Of this so kind an Opportunity
To part with her.

Eff. Cruel hard hearted *Burleigh* !
Most barbarous *Cecil* !

Burl. See, my Lord,
She soon will come t'her self, and you must leave her——
Haste away.

Lieut. Make way there.

Eff. Look to her, faithful Servants, while she lives
She'll be a tender Mistress to you all——
Come, push me off then, since I must swim o'er,
Why do I thus stand shivering on the Shore !
'Tis but a Breath, and I no more shall think,
Mix with the Sun, or into Atoms shrink :

Lift up thy Eyes no more in search of mine,
Till I am dead, then glad the World with thine ———
This Kiss (O that it wou'd for ever last !)
Gives me of Immortality a Taste——

Farewel,

May all that's past, when thou recover'st, seem
Like a glad Waking from a fearful Dream.

[*Exit Essex to Execution, Burleigh, Raleigh,
Lieutenant and Guards.*

Manet Countess of Essex with Women.

Wom. See, she revives.

C. Eff. Where is my *Essex*, where ?

Wom. Alas, I fear by this Time he's no more.

C. Eff. Why did you wake me then from such bright
I say my *Essex* mount with Angels Wings, (Objects ?
(Whilst I rode on the beauteous Cherubim)
And took me on 'em, bore me o'er the World
Thro' everlasting Skies, eternal Light.

Wom. Be comforted.

C. Eff. Sure we are the only Pair
Can boast of such a Pomp of Misery,
And none was e'er substantially so curst,
Since the first Couple that knew Sorrow first ;
Yet they were happy, and for Paradise
Found a new World unskill'd, unfraught with Vice :
No Tyrant to molest 'em, nor no Sword ;
All that had Life, Obedience did afford.
No Pride but Labour there, and healthful Pains,
No Thief to rob them of their honest Gains :
Ambition now the Plague of every Thought,
Then was not known, or else was unbegot.

*Enter the Queen, Countess of Nottingham, Lords and
Attendants.*

Qu. Behold where the poor *Rutland* lies, almost
As dead and low, as *Essex* in his Grave

Can

Can be, and I want but a very little
 To be more miserable than them both——
 Rise, rise, unfortunate and mournful *Rutland*,
 I know not what to call thee now, but wish
 I could not call thee by the Name of *Effex*——
 Rise, and behold thy Queen, I say,
 That bends to take thee in her Arms.

C. Eff. O never think to charm me with such Sounds,
 Such Hopes that are too distant from my Soul.
 For 'tis but preaching Heav'n to one that's damn'd—
 O take your Pity back, most cruel Queen,
 Give it to those that want it for a Cure,
 My Grievs are mortal, Remedies are vain,
 And thrown away on such a Wretch as I——
 Here's a Paper from my Lord to you,
 It was his last Request that you would read it.

Queen. Giv't me—— but oh how much more welcome
 had

The Ring been in its stead. [*Reads to herself.*]

C. Nor. Ha ! I'm betray'd. [*Aside.*]

Queen. Haste, see if Execution be yet done,
 If not, prevent it—— Fly with Angels Wings——

[*Officers go out.*]

O thou far worse than Serpent— worse than Woman !
 Ah *Rutland* ! here's the cruel Cause of both our Woes,
 Mark this, and help to curse her for thy Husband.

The Queen reads the Letter.

M A D A M,

I Receive my Death with the Willingness and Submission
 of a Subject ; and, as it is the Will of Heaven
 and of your Majesty, with this Request, that you would
 be pleas'd to bestow that Royal Pity on my poor Wife
 which

Or, *The Earl of Essex.*

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which is deny'd to me, and my last dying Breath shall bless you. I have but one Thing to repent of since my Sentence, which is that I sent the Ring by Nottingham, fearing it should once put my Queen in mind of her broken Vow.

Essex.

Repentance, Horrors, Plagues, and deadly Poisons,
Worse than a thousand Deaths, torment thy Soul.

Not. Madam——

Qu. Condemn me first to hear the Groans of Ghosts,
The Croaks of Ravens, and the Damn'd in Torments;
Just Heav'n, 'tis Musick to what thou canst utter,
Be gone—— Fly to that utmost Verge of Earth,
Where the Globe's bounded with Eternity,
And never more be seen of human Kind,
Curst with long Life, and with a Fear to die,
With thy Guilt ever in thy Memory;
And *Essex*' Ghost be still before thy Eye.

Not. I do confess——

Qu. Quick, bear her from my Sight, her Words are
blasting,

Her Eyes are Basilisks, Infection reigns
Where'er she breaths; go shut her in a Cave,
Or chain her to some Rock whole Worlds from hence,
The Distance is too near: there let her live
Howling to th' Seas to rid her of her Pain,
For she and I must never meet again ——
Away with her.

Not. I go——but have this Comfort in my Doom;
I leave you all with greater Plagues at Home.

[*Exit Not.*

Enter

Enter Burleigh and Raleigh.

Burl. Madam, your Orders came too late——
The Earl was dead——

Qu. Then I wish thou wert dead that say'st it;
But I'll be just and curse none but myself——
What said he when he came so soon to die?

Burl. Indeed his End, made so by woful Casu altie
Was very sad and full of Pity.

But at the Block all Hero he appear'd,
Or else to give him a more Christian Title,
A Martyr arm'd with Resolution;
Said little, but did bless your Majesty,
And dy'd full of Forgiveness to the World,
As was no doubt his Soul that soon expir'd.

Qu. Come, thou choice Relict of lamented *Effex*,
Call me no more by th' Name of Queen, but Friend.
When thy dear Husband's Death reveng'd shall be,
Pity my Fate, but lay no Guilt on me;
Since 'tis th' Almighty's Pleasure, tho severe,
To punish thus his faithful Regents here;
To lay on Kings his hardest Task of Rule,
And yet has given 'em but a human Soul,
The subtle Paths of Traytors Hearts to vjew,
Reason's too dark, a hundred Eyes too few;
Yet when by Subjects we have been betray'd,
The Blame is ours, their Crimes on us are laid:
And that which makes a Monarch's Happiness,
Is not in reigning well, but with Success.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]



EPILOGUE.

By Mr. DRYDEN.

WE act by Fits and Starts, like drowning Men;
But just pop up, and then drop down again:
Let those who call us wicked, change their Sense;
For never Men liv'd more on Providence.
Not Lott'ry Cavaliers are half so poor,
Nor broken Cits, nor a Vacation Whore;
Nor Courts, nor Courtiers, living on the Rents
Of the three last ungiving Parliaments.
So wretched, that if Pharaoh could divine,
He might have spar'd his Dream of Sev'n lean Kine,
And chang'd the Vision for the Muses Nine.
The blazing Comet, which portends a Dearth,
Was but a Vapour drawn from Playhouse Earth,
Sent here since our last Fire; and Lilly says,
Foresews our Change of State, and thin Third Days.
'Tis not our Want of Wit that keeps us poor;
For then the Printers Press would suffer more:
Their Pamphleteers their Venom daily spit,
They thrive by Treason, and we starve by Wit.
Confess the Truth; which of you has not laid

[To the Upper Gallery.


Fear Farthings out, to buy the Hatfield Maid?

EPILOGUE.

*Or, what is duller yet, and more does spite us,
 Democritus his Wars with Heraclitus?
 These are the Authors that have run us down,
 And exercise your Critics of the Town;
 Yet these are Pearls to your lampooning Rhymes;
 Y^e abuse your selves more dully than the Times.
 Scandal, the Glory of the English Nation,
 Is worn to Rags, and scribbled out of Fashion;
 Such harmless Thrusts, as if, like Fencers wise,
 You had agreed your Play before the Prize.
 Faith, you may hang your Harps upon the Willows,
 'Tis just like Children, when they box with Pillows.
 Then put an End to Civil War, for Shame;
 Let each Knight-Errant, who has wrong'd a Dame,
 Throw down his Pen, and give her, if he can,
 The Satisfaction of a Gentleman.*



P R O.



PROLOGUE,

Intended to be spoke.

Written by the AUTHOR.

TIS said, when the renown'd Augustus reign'd,
That all the World in Peace and Wealth remain'd;
And tho' the School of Action, War, was o'er,
Arms, Arts, and Letters, then encreas'd the more.
All these sprung from our Royal Virgin's Bays,
And flourish'd better than in Cæsar's Days.
And only in her Time at once was seen [Essex and
So brave a Soldier, Statesman, and a Queen. (Burleigh.
Her Reign may be compar'd to that above,
As the best Poet Cæsar's did to Jove.
For as great Julius built the mighty Throne,
And left Rome's first large Empire to his Son,
Under whose Weight, till her Time, we did groan:
So her Great Father was the first that struck
Rome's Triple Crown; but she threw off the Yoke.
Straight at her Birth new Light the Heav'ns adorn'd,
Which more than fifteen hundred Years had mourn'd
But hold, I'm bid to let you understand;
That when our Poet took this Work in hand,
He trembled straight, like Prophets in a Dream,
Her awful Genius stood and threaten'd him:

Her

PROLOGUE.

*Her modest Beauties only he has shewn;
And has her Character so nicely drawn,
That if her self, in purest Robes of Light
Should come from Heav'n, and bless us with her Sight,
She would not blush to hear what he has writ.*

Therefore————

To all the shining Sex this Play's address,

But more the Court, the Planets of the rest:

You, who on Earth are Mens best softest Fate,

So that when Heav'n with some rough Piece has met,

It sends him you to mould and new create.

Strange Ways to Virtue some may think to prove,

But yet the best and surest Path is Love.

Love, like the Ermin, is so nice a Guest,

It never enters in a vicious Breast————

If you are pleas'd, we will be bold to say,

This modest Poem is The Ladies Play.

F I N I S.

